

Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

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EDITORIAL.

Gratifying tidings have reached England
from the beleaguered Emin Bey whom
Stanley set forth to rescue. Apparently
he is not sensible of any pressing
personal danger, for he continues to
manage the public trusts committed to
him, and to pursue his scientific ex-
plorations as successfully as though he
were not hemmed in and menaced
from every quarter. One important
result of his investigations has already
been communicated—the probable so-
lution of the problem of the source of
the Nile. The Albert Nyanza ceased
to be reckoned as such, ever since Gor-
don's lieutenant, Gessi, circumnavigated
the lake and reported no southern
affluent—only a dense, impenetrable
marsh at that end of the basin.

Mr. Mason's subsequent discovery of a
river 1,200 feet wide pouring into the
southern end of the lake, was distrusted
by geographers, and the Albert Nyanza
has been regarded as a sort of side
reservoir of the Nile waters. But
Emin Bey, in the course of his explora-
tions, has himself found the Red River,
which Mason described—a river which,
there is reason to believe, can flow only
from the lake which Stanley discovered—
the Muta Ntze, some two hundred
miles to the southward. From the di-
rection which the latter is taking on
his way to Wadai, it seems possible
that this probability may be verified by
him; that he may be able to trace the
course of this river through the unex-
plored wilderness which stretches be-
tween these lakes. Should he do this,
the relief expedition will win for it-
self imperishable fame for solving one
of the most perplexing of geographical
questions.

Opus was formally ceded to England
by the Sultan last week. The English,
however, have practically owned the
land during the last nine years, ever
since Lord Beaconsfield's famous treaty
of 1878, which permitted their occupa-
cy and administration. The contingent
upon which they agreed to evacuate
the land Russia should restore to Tur-
key Kars, Ardahan and Batum—long
ago ceased to exist in human expecta-
tion, and temporary occupancy now
becomes permanent. The acquisition
is apparently of little value strategical-
ly as respects Egypt and the Canal;
but will doubtless prove of substantial
worth when the inevitable partition of
Turkey becomes a fait accompli, and
Russia holds Constantinople. Religious-
ly the new regime gives the Cross a
sanctuary over the Crescent, and facil-
itates the progress of Christian teach-
ing among a people that sorely need it.

Color discrimination, as shown by certain
railroads in refusing first-class accom-
modations to colored citizens who pay
for them, is being investigated by the
Interstate Commission. The forcible
ejection, on account of his color, from
a first-class car on the Georgia Central
Railroad, of one W. H. Council of Ala-
bama, led to a formal complaint, and
the managers of the road have been
called to an account for it. The issue is
not a new one. Commissioner Briggs
has had to deal with the question be-
fore, while president of the Alabama
Railroad Commission. His firmness,
then, resulted in a double system of
first-class cars, one for whites and the
other for colored men. Quite likely a
similar decision will be reached by the
Interstate Commission. The investi-
gation of this prejudice against color is
as remarkable as it is lamentable.

The project of erecting a Protestant
cathedral in New York city,
at an estimated cost of six million
dollars, will probably encounter a good
deal of adverse criticism. Some will
point to the Garden City Cathedral, and
the failure of the high expectations
founded upon it; others will bring up
the square miles of dense heatism in
the very core of the metropolis, and
regret that so large a sum should be in-
vested in a single edifice, which might
be used in sprinkling chapels and mis-
sions by the hundred in districts of ab-
solute spiritual destitution; still others
will sneer at the new movement as
merely an effort to outdo all other
commemorative in the matter of elegance
and size of structure. We are inclined
to think, however, that our Protestant
Episcopal brethren are not moved by
"pride and vainglory" in this matter;
that they understand their business
about as well as their critics do, and
know better than they what they want.
No body of Christians in that city has
shown a keener, more vital sympathy
with the destitute classes than the Pro-
testant Episcopal. The charitable or-
ganizations which radiate from Trinity
alone—thoroughly systematized, far-
reaching, comprehensive, and faithfully
worked—would be regarded as models

of their kind if published to the world.
One of the principal objects for which
the proposed cathedral is to be erected
is to enlarge this missionary and char-
itable scope, to provide "a great clear-
ing-house of practical religious work."
The Tribune suggests other objects
which will more or less commend them-
selves to thoughtful minds:—

"The cathedral will also be the nat-
ural and proper place in which will be
heard the great preachers of the Angli-
can communion in Great Britain and
the United States, and in which they
will command an audience worthy of
them and the metropolis. Moreover, it
is among the possibilities of the future
that the present dream of Christian
unity may be so far reached that the
cathedral pulpit will be open in turn to
all the great preachers of evangelical
Protestant Christianity, thus testifying
to the essential oneness of our common
Christianity."

EXCERPTA FROM RECENT BOOKS.

**Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow.**

Lovers of Longfellow will keenly
relish this delightful, supplementary
volume. It is brimful of bright bits
of life, criticism, intercourse with
friends—and such friends—culled
from the poet's correspondence and
private journal, all giving, as no biog-
raphy could possibly do, a clear insight
into the sweetness and simplicity of his
character.

Here is a paragraph from one of his
numerous letters to his friend, G. W.
Greene, written in February, 1866.

"This is a lovely winter morning. I cannot
look out of the window at the brown
branches against the colorless sky. The
air is windless, and the snow falling gently;
the nearest glimpse we can have of creation,
the beautiful something that comes from nothing—
the crystallization of air! (p. 81.)"

In another letter to the same friend
he introduces a sly hit at Sumner:—

"Sumner is busy, at work on a lecture which
he is to deliver on Tuesday next, and on
Tuesday last had only begun. What con-
fidence Sumner has in Sumner! I would not
trust H. W. L. to that amount, nor would you
G. W. G. (p. 87.)"

From his Journal, in 1867:—

June 2. Another lovely day; the lilacs
all in bloom and tossing in the wind. Agassiz
calls and sits half an hour. In the after-
noon, Parsons the poet and translator of
Dante. We have a talk about theories of
translation.

4. I met in the street an Irish man, whom
I have seen now and then about new houses.
I wished him good morning, and joining me
he said, "I am glad to speak to a poet. I
have myself a brother in the Port, who is a
drunkard and a poet" (p. 94.)

August 22. Called on Agassiz, and found
him busy dissecting a huge skate. Intoler-
able fishy odor in his room (p. 98.)

November 20. Dined with Dr. Holmes. On
my way, stopped at the Parker House to see
Dickens (just arrived from England), whom I
found very well and most cordial. It was
right pleasant to see him again, after so many
years—twenty-five! He looks somewhat
older, but is as elastic and quick in his move-
ments as ever. At Holmes' we had the Earl of
Camperdown, Lord Morley, and Mr. Cowper;
a very agreeable gentlemen (p. 101.)

An appreciative note from the Chief
Constructor of the British Navy, E. J.
Reed, C. B.:—

"I should have been so pleased to meet, and
pay my profound respects to, the author of the
finest poem on ship-building that ever was, or
probably ever will be, written—a poem
which I often read with the truest pleasure" (p.
122.)

On December 17, 1869, he writes:—

"An old Italian woman came here to-day and
brought me a Christmas-tree as a present; a
Christmas-tree full of little wax birds, red,
green, and white. She said it was made by
her son, who 'has a great talent for music.' I
asked her if he played any instrument. 'Oh, yes,'
she said; 'he goes round with a hand-
organ, and a little monkey' (p. 127.)"

Vague, but significant:—

"This has been to me a day of indescribable
mental suffering. I have given great pain to
others; but I could not do otherwise and be
true to myself. God grant it may be for the
best! (p. 135.)"

A week in April, 1871:—

April 5. Transplanted from Owen's an elm-
tree, a seedling from the Washington elm,
and placed it between me and my neighbor Has-
tings, on the east side of the house.

10. Meditating a third play, to complete the
third part of Christus. The scene to be among
the Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

11. Happy to-day in the new poetic idea
which begins to germinate and develop itself in
my mind. I hope I shall be able to harmonize
it in the discord of the New England Tragedies,
and thus give a new and unifying close to the
work.

13. Wrote "At Bethany," for the Divine
Tragedy—a very short scene; but it would
be no better for being longer.

14. A call from Mrs. Julia Howe and
her brother, Sam Ward. He looks like a
prime minister or European diplomat. I was
very glad to see him (p. 159.)

A bit of criticism:—

June 5. Read Dryden's "Songs and Elegies."
He is pretty tame sometimes; and
then will come a line which flashes across the
page like a train of powder (p. 162.)

August and September days, 1871:—

August 1. A splendid sunset, with a thun-
der-storm passing over Boston seaward—a
night of surpassing beauty.

2. M. Auguste Bartholdi, French sculptor,
calls with a letter from Agassiz. A pleasant,
lively, intelligent man, a Republican and an
Alsatian. He has a plan for erecting a bronze
Colossus on Bedloe's Island, in New York
Harbor—a statue of liberty, to serve at night
as a light-house. It is a grand plan; I hope it
will strike the New Yorkers.

3. A youth in England, of the Swinburne-
Rossetti school, sends me three volumes of
verse, mostly love-sonnets. In one of them he
says:—

"We see no longer what of old we saw,
Nor is the vision present any more."

Sumner has not yet made his appearance,
though I look for him daily. I have had a
letter from Lord Stanhope, and an invitation,
couched in the most flattering terms, to pre-
side at the Royal Literary Fund Society.
Shall I go? Rhyme and Reason answer
"No!"

4. Go with Sumner to Mr. James's to see
the regatta. A pretty sight—all those tower-
ing white sails in the distance; and then a slow
and scattered flight, as of sea-birds, south
toward Minot's Ledge.

25. The days grow shorter; the trees begin
to scatter their curl-papers about the grass;
there is a touch of autumn in the air; and the
swift summer is gone.

Sept. 1. Everything alive with sunshine, and
the sun grinding its curved battle ax on the
beach.

28. Sophocles [Prof. E. A. Sophocles] passed
a couple hours with me talking about Homer
and the convents in the East, in one of which
he was educated.

A glimpse into his study, in January
and February, 1873:—

January 3. A thaw in the night. At four
o'clock, drip, drip, drip. I got up two or
three times, and finally dressed myself at five;
lighted my study-lamp, and strangely enough
some passages for "Michael Angelo and
Titan" came into my mind. What spirit
was abroad at that hour dictating to me?

February 19. This morning I counted the
letters to be answered on my table. They are
fifty-two. This is my life divided to pieces.
Nevertheless, I have now completed six tales
of the new volume.

27. My sixty-sixth birthday. Finished the
new volume of the "Wayside Inn," and closed
the book (pp. 202, 203.)

A poet's idea:—

Dined with Mr. A.—in a new and elegant
house in Marlborough Street. Young
people who gave an old dinner-party. One
of the guests was under sixty. Looking
down the table was like a distant view of the
Alps from the Jura (p. 208.)

"Some days must be dark and
dreary:—"

March 28. There are unlucky days, and
this is one of them. After breakfast a lot of
unpleasant letters. Then an old nurse who
had been here in sickness came and laid her
hand roughly on a wound that will never
heal. Then I went to the printing-office to
hunt up a book which they have lost, and can-
not find; then to see Osgood about publishing
John Neal's "Seventy-six," and find he has
gone to New York; then to a tailor's, and
read on his door, "Removed to 290"—which
number cannot be found. Then I returned
home to find a clamorous woman with a book
to sell; I can stop her only by buying the
book, which I do not want. All this before
five o'clock, and interspersed with hand-
organs! (p. 245.)

Playing host to an emperor:—

June 10 (1876). Dom Pedro II, Emperor
of Brazil, dined with us. The other guests
were Emerson, Holmes, Agassiz, and Apple-
ton. Dom Pedro is the modern Haroun-al-
Raschid, and is wandering about to see the
great world he lives in, as simple traveler, not
as king. He is a hearty, genial, noble person,
very liberal in his views (p. 247.)

October days, 1875:—

5. Lord Houghton called, and sat an hour.
He is tormented with neuralgia as I am.

7. Lord Houghton lunched with us. No
other guests but Lowell and Greene.

11. Went with Lowell to see Motley, who
goes back to England on Saturday.

14. Call from the Governor of Victoria in
Australia, and afterward from old Admiral
Coffin, of the British Navy.

16. In the afternoon Anthony Trollope, the
novelist, calls.

25. Drove with the Horsfords to Wellesley
road to see Mr. Duran's Female College. A fine
building overlooking Lake Waban; three hun-
dred pupils. After dinner we had a row on
the lake in the college boat, the "Evangeline,"
with a crew of eight girls and the handsome
captain, Miss E.—It was like sailing
with the nine Muses (p. 241.)

He writes to G. W. Childs, in March,
1877:—

You do not know yet what it is to be seventy
years old. I will tell you, so that you may
not be taken by surprise when your turn
comes. It is like climbing the Alps. You
reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind
you the deep valley stretching miles and miles
away, and before you other summits higher
and whiter, which you may have strength to
climb, or may not. Then you sit down and
meditate and wonder which it will be. That
is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All
that one can say, is life is opportunity (p. 258.)

Reset by cranks:—

Two women in black called to-day. One of
them said she was a descendant of the English
philosopher, John Locke; and that she was
going to establish a society for the suppression
of cruelty to letter-carriers. A lady in Ohio
sends me one hundred blank cards, with the
request that I will write my name on each, as
she wishes to distribute them among her guests
at a party she is to give on my birthday (p.
259.)

From a chapter on "Reminiscences:—"

I was in his library last fall with a young
girl from California. She had been the wide
world over, but stood shy and silent in his
presence, moved to tears by his kindly wel-
come. It was touching to see the poet's appre-

ciation of this, and his quick glance over his
table that he might find something to interest
her and make her forget her embarrassment.
Taking up a little book covered with glass, he
put it into her hand and said, "This is a
mournful thing to put into the hands of a
bright girl, but think of it! Six hundred
years ago the bit of wood in that box touched
Dante's bones;" and he related how this piece
of Dante's coffin had come into his possession.
He led her to his piano, and asked her to play
for him. He told her anecdotes of Coleridge
and Moore as he showed her their inkstands.
... Soon his young visitor was chatting with
him as freely as if she had not entered his door
with a timidity amounting almost to fear.
After that he turned to us. I hope he under-
stood how this act had been silently appreci-
ated by us; yet I think he was all-unconscious
of the picture he created—a picture never to
be forgotten by those of us who witnessed it
(p. 348.)

OVERCOMETH—COMING OVER.

BY MISS A. C. ROAMMELL.

"To him that overcometh"—
Words meant for you and me.

"To him that cometh over,"
Is the meaning that I see.

On this side stands our weakness;
On that, waits Christ the Strong;
Between, is His sure promise,
Paved with love, each step along.

We read how His disciples
Stayed on the other side;
And so we wait and wonder,
When He calls, "Come, abide!"

To-day, were our Bible written,
More than one Peter, I ween,
Were in it, and many a Thomas,
And Mary, sad Magdalen.

For souls, and at early praying,
May be crimson at noonday;
What we thought a guardian angel
Proves a demon in our way.

At first a mild surmising,
To the joy that passeth feeling,
And then the fatal yielding,
And then, our doom is sealed.

Hear! "To Him that cometh over,"
To the Christ that gives release,
To the Rock beyond the shining,
To the joy that passeth feeling.

O child of weakness, hasten!
Have you strength for but half-way?
With His power He'll bridge your weak-
ness;

Will you rise and come to-day?
Milford, Mass.

METHODIST SCHOOLS AND METH- ODIST MINISTERS.

BY REV. ARTHUR COPELAND, A. B.

The writer was recently visiting at
one of the oldest of our church semi-
naries. Opposite the school buildings
rose a large and inviting Methodist
church. Like two sisters, there they
stood, each the help and hope of the
other.

I said to one of the professors in the
seminary, "I suppose that the majority
of the students attend services
there?"

"No," was the reply. "Our students
when they first come from home
register for, and attend, the Methodist
church, but as time passes, many of
them float away into other congrega-
tions, and leave our institution, never
again to be loyal and zealous members
of the Methodist Church."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, the truth is, the other churches
here have a better and more popular
preachers. They are sent here, in
some cases, for the express purpose of
attracting our young people; and how
far they have succeeded, everybody
knows who has investigated the facts."

The statement of the professor made
me think. Some of those thoughts
are with me as I write. The facts?—
Yes, there's the rub. What are they?

This, beyond dispute, that much larger
proportions of our young people who
leave Methodist homes for Methodist
schools, return unsettled in faith,
shaken in loyalty, and reader converts
to other religious systems than ever be-
fore.

"Shame upon them!" says some
father in Israel. But suppose that we
say shame upon some one else too?
Suppose that we come back with the
professor (none more loyal), take our
stand between the church and the semi-
nary, and say, incompetent, unsuit-
able, obnoxious church administration
is the real cause. Let the blame be
divided.

It has been the privilege of the
writer of this article to have been a
regular attendant at two Methodist
seminaries and one Methodist univer-
sity, and to have visited and studied sev-
eral Methodist educational centers.
The result of his observations leads
him to this conclusion, that Methodist
institutions are doing quite as much,
and in some cases more, to feed the
pulpits and pews of other churches,
than their own; and that the fact is not
to be varnished nor gilded that bish-
ops and presiding elders are largely to
blame for it. They do not make ap-
pointments for our educational centres
on the exceptional grounds warranted
by the situation. Pulpits in these
centres, in many cases, are not manned
even by the common rule that should
govern everywhere—the best man for
the place, not the best place for the
man. The result is plain—disloyalty,
desertion.

The late Bishop Peck was one time
dining with Bishop Huntington, Prot-
estant Episcopal Bishop of Central
New York. He was pointing out an
educational institution of our church
situated in sight on a commanding em-

inence. "Look!" said Bishop Peck,
"do you see all those young men and
women climbing that hill? They be-
long to us." "Yes," replied Bishop
Huntington, "they belong to you when
they go up the hill, but when they
come down, they will belong to us."
If Bishop Huntington was right, it was
because that, in nearly every educa-
tional centre, his church sees to it that
popular and powerful Protestant Epis-
copal churches are built and main-
tained, so that they may attract those
students whom less efficiently manned
churches make careless, cold and dis-
loyal. In other words, it is because
some churches, at strategic points, are
administered, while others are min-
istered.

Here is an instance very common. A
good man, pious and sound, and a fair
preacher, has a family to educate. One
or two of the children are ready for a
seminary or a collegiate course. He is
too poor to send them from home.
The good-hearted elder steps in and
says, "Now I will help you; I will do
all I can to send you to the seat of our
Conference seminary;" and 'tis done.
It is a very generous thought, no
doubt, but—bah!

Young men and women jaded with
studies, and tired from intellectual
work—you cannot make them eat
"dried tongue." They will spit it up
in spite of all the counsels and warn-
ings parents or pastors may send them.
And if there is any good, sound, palat-
able pulpit food to be had in that town,
they will have it. And who blames
them?

But they are disloyal, traitors, in-
grates," says my good old-fashioned
friend over there. Oh, I reply, don't
be too hard on the boys and girls.
Keep cool. Do you not know that loy-
alty to any particular church is based
on the same principles as loyalty to any
particular government, namely, first in
respect for it, secondly on self-interest
in it, and third on environment. Lessen
the first, and you loosen the second.
And then give a new environment with
these elements lost from the old and re-
introduced in the new, and loyalty
takes a certificate of transfer, and ex-
claims, "The best is reserved to the
last." And who more swift to lose re-
spect and self-interest than the student?
And what more capable of de-
stroying both, than to see the church
of your fathers, when she should be
strongest, over-shadowed, out-gener-
ated, out-preached—not for lack of
brains, or means, or the power of the
Spirit, but because of paternal govern-
ment in the church instead of states-
manship and generalship, where both
are needed at their best?

Who is to blame? Caesar. And to
Caesar we appeal.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

[Continued.]

The first Great Pyramid was raised
on a rocky platform, an accurate square,
adjusted so as to face exactly the car-
dinal points of heaven. A square block
of solid rock was left in the centre, in
which was carved the sepulchral cham-
ber or chambers, as desired, and the
passages arranged with skill and care.
The contrivances were perfect, and
now that so many of them have been
explored, it is astonishing how great
was the skill which planned and so
successfully carried out every detail.
All the process of building is now
known, and it is believed that all, or
nearly all, the existing pyramids were
begun and completed by each king for
whom they were raised. Three of the
pyramid builders at Ghizeh were
Khufu, Khaf-Ra and Menka-Ra. The
dimensions of the Great Pyramid are
so generally known, they need not be
repeated here. Some of the details are
simply wonderful. The bodies of Pha-
raoh Khufu, his queen, and others have
been taken out of this erection. The
base of the Great Pyramid was 764 feet,
now only 746 feet; height, 450 feet.

The second pyramid of Ghizeh is de-
scribed in detail by Col. Howard Vyse,
in his work on the Pyramids. Its for-
mer base was 707 feet, present base,
690 feet, height 454 feet. The third
pyramid had a base of 354 feet, perpen-
dicular height 202 feet; the fourth pyra-
mid had a height of 69 feet, and a base
of 102 feet; the fifth had a square base
of 105 feet, and height 93 feet; the
sixth had a square base of 102 feet, and
a height of 69 feet; the seventh, 72 feet
base, 111 feet high; the eighth, 172 feet
base, height 111 feet; the ninth, 100
feet base, 101 feet high.

The second pyramid was built by
for King Khaf-Ra, who was related to
his predecessor, but not his son. Khaf-
Ra had several sons, whose tombs have
been found near their father's pyramid.
He is remarkable for the number of
titles he assumed. "The Horus (chief
divinity), the ruling hawk, the good
Horus, the good god"—these are in-
scribed on one of his statues; on another
he is styled "Horus the conqueror,
the great god, the lord of the diadems."

Several statues of himself have been
found, ornamenting a temple of gran-
ite and yellow alabaster. These are in
the Museum at Boulak. His pyramid
stands southwest of the great one, and
a mortuary chapel has been found near it.
The most remarkable discovery
made was that of a half-length portrait
figure of the king, the head sheltered
behind by the protecting bird of Ra
(his god), the hawk, which clasps the
head with its wings. This head of

Khaf-Ra is regarded as the second or
third oldest portrait sculpture in the
world, and exhibits a good knowledge
of anatomy and careful detail of fea-
tures.

The third pyramid of Ghizeh has a
remarkable history. It is known as the
Pyramid of Menka-Ra, and has three
smaller pyramids built in close proxim-
ity to it on the north side. The king's
name is sometimes spelt Mycerinus.
Its height is not half the height of St.
Paul's Cathedral. It is called the red
pyramid because cased with red granite
of Syene. It bears evidence of enlarge-
ment and alteration, as Menka-Ra did
not live to finish it—only sufficient
for his own funeral chamber. It was
completed by Nitocris, a queen of the
6th dynasty. It had a separate entrance
to each chamber. Both were entered
and explored by Colonel H. Vyse in
1837, and a printed record of the exam-
ination is in the British Museum. The
sarcophagus and mummy of the king
were shipped for England, but the boat
containing them was wrecked, and only
the lid of the coffin floated to the shore.
It is now in the mummy room of the
British Museum—one of the oldest
relics England owns from Egypt.

The carving on the lid is exquisite; nothing
more sharply cut could be done now,
although it was engraved about five
thousand years since. Part of the
bones of the king's body were found in
the coffin when opened, but the coffin
had been rifled by either Arabs or
Egyptians previously. The bones are
at the bottom of the Mediterranean near
Gibraltar, with the sarcophagus. The
next king, and the last of the 4th dynas-
ty, built himself a tomb pyramid, which
cannot be identified, but an inscription
records the fact that it did exist.

Besides the three great pyramids,
six smaller ones exist in close proxim-
ity, and the foundations of others have
been found, the stones of which have
been carried away to build villages and
towns in the vicinity. Cairo itself, it is
said, is built largely with stones ob-
tained from those edifices. Dean Stanley
climbed to the top of the Great
Pyramid, and he wrote that the whole
western ridge of the Libyan hills for
twenty miles behind Memphis, the chief
necropolis of Egypt, was a maze of
pyramids and tombs, excluding those
at a greater distance.

The lesser known pyramids are num-
erous. That of Abou Roanah, five
miles northwest of Ghizeh, has a base
of 326 feet square. It has a central
chamber, with inscriptions, and a con-
siderable elevation. The pyramid of
Zowyet has a base of 300 square feet,
and a height of 61 feet; most of its up-
per materials have been taken for build-
ing the village of that name. The Pyra-
mid of Reegah is built on a hill, with
a base of 123 feet, and is a work of su-
perior masonry. There are three pyra-
mids at Aboukir, a place seven miles
southeast of Ghizeh, and the remains
of two others exist, but the stones have
been otherwise used. They are known
as the Northern, Middle, Great, and
Small Pyramids, and present features
of interest. Next there are eleven pyra-
mids of Saccara. These form part of
a series of four large cemeteries. They
are all built of stone, but much decayed,
and in some of them are found the car-
touches (names) of early kings who
are probably interred there. Around
these pyramids are numerous mummy
pits, in which thousands of bodies are
laid. These have all been explored and
described by Col. Howard Vyse. In
the same range of hills, but further
south are the Pyramids of Dasher, five
in number, known as the Northern
Brick, the Northern Stone, the South-
ern Stone, the Smaller, and

Miscellaneous.

RELIGIOUS DICTION AND PHRASE- OLOGY.

BY REV. W. J. SMITH.

(Published by request of the Providence Presbytery Meeting.)

This subject is not an easy one to discuss, from the fact that it relates to that with which every one is more or less familiar; it is at the same time very comprehensive. Mr. Webster, however, comes to our assistance, as he tells us that phraseology is "manner of expression; peculiar words used in a sentence; diction."

In popular language phraseology relates more especially to the mechanical structure of sentences, while diction relates to words only. Religious phraseology is that which is used in our prayers, sermons, exhortations, and addresses on Christian topics. In many communities there is a long list of old and fixed phrases that have been on duty for generations, and have been used till their original significance is quite gone. They find their way into all extemporaneous prayers, testimonies and exhortations, and, worst of all, are too often heard from the pulpit. In this essay we will endeavor to call attention to some of these infelicities of expression, and point out the remedy by which our diction and phraseology may be improved.

The author of this paper would like to say, just here, that he does not profess to have attained that perfection of diction and phraseology which is his ideal, and which he demands of others. He is also well aware that he hereby exposes himself to criticism, and may in this essay be guilty of some of the very sins he condemns in his brethren. He finds some consolation, however, in the declaration of Hazlitt, that "the only wise authors are those that never write."

Perhaps the great fundamental error in our phraseology lies in our carelessness in the choice of words. "How forcible," says Job, "are right words." "A word fitly spoken," says Solomon, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Words are the conductors through which the mind is electrified. They are not merely things—they are living things. Emerson, speaking of the vitality of Montaigne's words, says, "If you cut them they would bleed."

The success of an author or speaker depends as much upon the proper selection of words as upon the correct construction of his sentences. Here was the realm of Milton's mastery. Macaulay said his words were charmed; substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed.

No one can afford to underrate the importance of the most diligent study of words. Daniel Webster was often seen engaged in the study of an English dictionary, and the great Chatham is said to have read Bailey's folio dictionary twice through, examining every word attentively, and thus endeavoring to bring the whole range of our language completely under his control. In the pages of Noah Webster the wealth of a language of great flexibility lies buried. "But no one can possess the ore unless he works the mine." By toiling in the mines of language one can fill his storehouse of expression so as to be above the necessity of using cheap, common and unsuggestive words.

There is a nice shade of distinction between the words that are nearly synonymous; but, strictly speaking, there are no synonymous words in a language; and he who can quickly see this distinction, possesses an enviable quality of mind. Fox said of Wm. Pitt, "I thought I am never at a loss for a word, Pitt not only has a word but the word—the very word to express his meaning." Robert Hall gave as a reason for his writing so little, that he could so rarely approach the realization of his ideal of a perfect style. He chose his words with a nicety that was fastidious. John Foster, the author of that wonderful essay on "Decision of Character," would spend whole days on a few short sentences. Chalmers paid him a visit in London, and soon afterwards being asked what Foster was about, replied, "Hard at it at the rate of a line a week." He did his work slowly, but permanently. It was no waste of time for him to spend a day or a week on a single page. To some this work of selection seems trifling; but as the great artist of Florence has well said, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

A man's habits are strangely affected by the society in which he moves; and it is often the case that a word incidentally dropped will reveal his real character. So a man's vocabulary depends largely upon the company he keeps. Hence Dr. Blair tells us to study the *Spectator* if we would learn to write well; and Dr. Johnson declares that he who would acquire an elegant, unostentatious style, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Words are the material that the author or preacher works in, and he must use as much care in their selection as the painter does in choosing his colors or the sculptor his marble. The modes of style should be studied with care, not that we may thereby be able to imitate that style, but that we may enrich our vocabulary, see more easily our faults, elevate and refine our taste, and, when we have anything to say, know how to say it well.

One of England's great preachers of the last century tells us that in early life heaped Dr. Johnson; but he soon saw the folly of it. Said he: "I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them."

It is not absolutely essential that a man be classically educated to be a master of the English language. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find a man in America to-day who had a greater command of all the resources of expression than a late E. P. Whipple, the essayist. His essays were frequently found in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which holds the first rank in the magazine literature of the day. Mr. Whipple was not liberally educated, and yet his vocabulary was singularly copious, his style suggestive and clear as the sparkling water of a pebbled brook. How did he acquire this perfection of language and style? His naturally active intellect, we are told, fed and fattened on the great English authors from Chaucer to Burke. He held converse with these men of genius and learning till he could clothe his vigorous thoughts with language the most appropriate and felicitous. It is a fact universally conceded that a thorough understanding of the ancient languages is of great utility to author and orator, and yet some of the most distinguished writers and forensic orators of earth have attained their greatness without the aid of the ancient classics. This should be a source of encouragement to those whose early training may have been neglected, who never dug up a Greek root or unearthed a Latin derivation.

The most felicitous style is usually the most simple; it shows itself in the selection of short words, and avoids an artificial language which might be well suited to a small circle of learned friends. There is a disposition on the part of the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic to use a so-called grandiose, bombastic style. It is decidedly taking with a certain class. Mr. Gough says he saw a card in London on which a man called himself "Illuminating artist to Her Majesty;" that is, he lighted the gas near the royal palace. A gentleman going into a great store in London to buy half mourning gloves was at once referred to the "mitigated affliction department." A school teacher in Maine, seeing a farmer at work near his house, said to him, "You are excavating a subterranean channel." "No, sir," was the reply, "I am only digging a ditch."

Those who strive for this type of magnificence would be likely to make the wise man say, "There is no wisdom in the cemetery;" and instead of the touching words of St. John expressive of the sorrow of Christ at the grave of Lazarus, they would say, with a certain liberal translator of the New Testament, "The Saviour of the world, overcome with grief, burst into a flood of tears." All this is as distasteful to men of good sense as it is irreverent. John Foster, referred to above, says that, "Eloquence resides in the thought, and no words can make that eloquent which would not be so in the plainest that could possibly express it."

It is not true that great thinkers require great words, and that the strongholds of evil fall before the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of pompous and sonorous language. They tell us that when the ice period of the Establishment was breaking up in England, the best thinkers of that day attributed the success of the Wesleys to their plain, familiar way of preaching. Their language was so simple that the common people understood just what they meant, while at the same time their thought was profound enough for the most scholarly.

King James' version of the Bible is worthy of careful study, not only for its moral instruction, but also for the simplicity and beauty of its language. It abounds in grand, sublime and pathetic passages, expressed almost wholly in words of one syllable. Take the description of the death of Sileas as given in Judges 5: 27: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead." The parable of the prodigal son is a fine illustration of simplicity, strength and beauty in the use of short words. In the lamentation of David over the death of Saul and Jonathan as found in 2 Samuel 1: 19-27, there are passages unsurpassed in pathos by any similar passage in the whole range of literature. In those nine verses, leaving out the proper names, there are only forty-eight words having more than one syllable, and several of them are many times repeated. There will, doubtless, be many translations of the Bible in the coming centuries—translations which in many respects will be superior to the authorized version; but the simplicity and beauty of the language of King James' version have clothed it with immortality. It will continue to be read and studied by the English-speaking people for the purity of its language and the simplicity of its style as long as the world shall stand. How vain and insignificant do the *sesquipedalia verba* of some eloquent sophomores sound after reading these short and living words from the Book of God!

The finest passages of Shakespeare abound in small words. When Milton would produce the deepest impression, he uses the smallest words. In that wonderful passage where the last angel calls upon hell to receive its new possessor, nine-tenths of the words there used are monosyllables. Emerson has well observed that as an orator rises in thought he descends in his language; that is, comes down to a level with the ear of his hearers. Sometimes it is a matter of great convenience to use words of many syllables; the idea can be best expressed, and an unpleasant circumlocution is thereby avoided.

(Concluded next week.)

Brooklyn is a great city. Its growth has been marvelous—from a village of half a century to a population of eight hundred thousand. It is the third city of the nation in population, trade and industry, and the opinion is quite prevalent that it is destined at no distant day to become the largest city of the country. Its ground room is well-nigh unlimited, extending some ninety miles, including territory much of

which is excellent for building purposes. Its business prosperity seems almost incredible. Its taxable property aggregates more than \$320,000,000, and its personal property more than \$20,000,000. Its schools, parks, benevolent and charitable institutions, and its churches, are its glory—the latter very appropriately giving it the name of "City of Churches." A brief notice of a few of

ITS CHURCHES

is all our space will allow. The Plymouth is known world wide by the exceeding popularity of its minister, Henry Ward Beecher; but, alas! its light and glory have departed, and who will become the successor of the "great preacher," as he was called, is one of the problems yet to be solved. It was Beecher's church—he gave it its life, power and success; hereafter it must depend on other agencies, and with what success, remains to be seen.

The Church of the Pilgrims, of which Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., is pastor, is noted for its great influence and power. Its venerable pastor, after a pastorate of more than forty years, is still active and abundant in labors, and is deservedly highly esteemed for his pre-eminent excellences. But few pastors in this country deserve higher honor.

The Central Congregational Church, of which Rev. A. J. F. Behrens, D. D., is pastor, is strong, progressive, earnest, and its pastor is one of the most able, devoted and successful of the city.

The Tabernacle, of which Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is pastor, has an extensive notoriety. It has the largest congregation of any church in the United States. Five thousand can easily be accommodated in its spacious edifice, and more than that number are present at nearly every service to listen to the original, forcible, persuasive style of oratory of the pastor. The Gospel is faithfully preached to the vast multitudes who assemble here.

The Lafayette Avenue Church, of which Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., is pastor, is one of the most influential in the city, and is doing a great work in its reformatory and saving labors. There are but few such pastors as Dr. Cuyler—earnest, devoted, laborious, kind and catholic in spirit, seeking the good of all, and most ardently loved by his people.

METHODIST CHURCHES

have commenced a new Conference year, and their pastors have entered upon their work with the most encouraging prospects of success. The Hanson Place Church, as your readers have been informed, is greatly delighted with its new pastor, Dr. A. B. Kendig, and the Conference year opens most propitiously. This is the largest church in American Methodism, the congregation averaging nearly two thousand persons—a great and promising field of usefulness—and the pastor is alive to his responsibility, and is arranging for accomplishing the greatest amount of good. A great, abundant spiritual harvest awaits him.

We had the pleasure of listening to Rev. J. Ormel Peck, D. D., of the Simpson Church. He had just commenced his labors with this church, but he has evidently done so with a purpose and expectation of witnessing much cheering results. He told his audience that he had called on all families, members and pew-holders reported as living on some twelve streets which he named, and desired to be informed at once if any belonging to the congregation had been passed on those streets; and we inferred that he would visit other streets till every member of the congregation was found. That looked like commencing the Conference year in earnest in pastoral work. The subject of the sermon was the class-meeting. We have often heard the class-meeting referred to from the pulpit—indeed, referred to in some way nearly every Sabbath—but it was the first time we ever listened to an entire sermon on the subject. We need not say the sermon was of great excellence, the speaker being master of the subject, comprehending it in all of its parts, and applying it with a skill that must have produced a deep impression on every heart. We shall be surprised if great and glorious results do not follow it. May the great success that has attended Dr. Peck's labors in other places be experienced in this church! We predict that such will be a fact.

Summerfield is still vigorous, and is greatly delighted with his new pastor, Rev. W. L. Phillips, D. D., whose memory is precious to many in New England. A prosperous year is before this old, honored church.

The plan proposed by Dr. James Porter on "MAKING THE APPOINTMENTS," published in the *Methodist Review*, and issued in a pamphlet form, is receiving considerable attention, and we learn that a meeting is soon to be called to consider the subject, and devise ways and means for bringing it before the people. We would suggest that Dr. Peck's article be read by all the pastors, and also by our laymen. The subject certainly demands attention.

SOME CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

BY REV. W. L. GOODWIN, D. D.

One of the dreams of my life has been to visit California, and now that dream has been realized. On the 21st of March, my family and myself left Illinois in a snowstorm and started for the land of fruits and flowers. Running through Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and looking over the Rio Grande into old Mexico, we rolled out of the desert on a lovely evening into the beautiful valley where Colton is the queen. It would take pages to tell of Los Angeles, the city of wonderful growth, and which before long is to be capital of Low-

er California, with a population of two hundred thousand souls. The real estate fever was at its height, and the official board of one of our charges there figured up one evening that their profits that day had reached one hundred thousand dollars. Methodism is at the front, and our university will have an endowment of a million dollars.

At Long Beach we found the longest and finest beach in the world, so far as known. The town is Methodist. Santa Monica and Pasadena are destined to be places of importance. The trees were breaking down with oranges and lemons, and flowers filled the air with sweetest perfume. We saw hedges of geraniums, and arbors of roses, and countless flowers of every size and hue. I saw seven thousand calla lilies in one church on Easter Sunday, and there were two crosses each ten feet high made of roses and other flowers, all of which had grown in the open air. The cherry and peach and pear trees were in bloom, and a more beautiful sight was never seen outside of Eden. Why people live in New England or Illinois where one-half of the year is spent in roasting oneself by a red hot stove, and the other half spent in fanning and perspiring, is a mystery, unless it be that these poor unfortunate never heard of California, or are so situated that they cannot emigrate to a land that is fairer than Italy and richer in products than ancient Palestine. The man who goes to Europe or Palestine instead of to California, makes a huge mistake.

At San Francisco we found Dr. Cray, of the *Advocate*, and Dr. Benson and other well-known ministers. Everywhere on the coast we found live Methodist preachers and live churches. San Jose, Oakland, Sacramento and Santa Cruz are places full of interest to tourists.

On our return we spent a Sunday in Salt Lake City, and heard Mormonism pure and raw from an adopted son of Brigham Young. He had just come from the penitentiary, after a term of nine months for polygamy, and he was not in a very good humor. At least one hundred Boston tourists were in the Tabernacle, but they could not stand the trade, and so left before the service was over. But Mormonism must die, and the process of disintegration and absorption has begun. Our church is flourishing there, and so is our school.

In one brief letter I can give your readers only the faintest idea of the scenery along the road, and of the climate and productions of California. It is worth more than can be estimated to be permitted to visit such a land, and nearly all who visit it wish to return there to live, where thunder, and lightning, and snow, and ice, and sudden and severe changes, are rarely known. In a future letter I may give a better account of some of our institutions over there.

Jacksonville, Ill.

OFF FOR CHILI—NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY REV. I. G. ROSS.

In response to special requests to that effect coming from the editor and others having a kindly personal interest in me and mine, I promised to send letters frequently to the *HERALD*. In the fulfillment of this promise, I desire to say once for all that whatever record of personal experiences or general observations I may make in this way, I shall endeavor to have but a single aim in view—to glorify my Lord who hath honored me with a call to special service, and given me grace to cheerfully obey Him.

The passing days of the last two weeks have been crowded so full of incidents and experiences, that I have had no time to make any notes. Tomorrow we are to sail, and although tired enough to warrant my getting all the rest possible, I rise an hour earlier than usual this morning, to jot down a brief *résumé* of such phases of our journey thus far, as shall seem to me most likely to subserve the purpose that I have named above.

In beginning the retrospect, my thoughts go back naturally to that hour on Monday p. m. when I took leave of my Conference. What a shower of blessing that was which so suddenly and unexpectedly fell upon me that day. The fragrance of the kindly deeds, the echo of the words of sympathy, the benediction of Dr. Lindsey's prayer, the spell of the Spirit's power that came to me there, refresh and strengthen me upon every remembrance of them, and will as long as memory lasts.

On reaching Worcester that evening, I found a summons requiring us to be in New York on April 30. This was one week earlier than I had expected, and I had to pray at once for the grace of a quiet mind in order not to feel hurried and distracted by the thought of how much there was to be done in such a little time. But helping hands were ready to assist, and on Tuesday night, when my brethren were waiting, some of them possibly with a little anxious interest, for the reading of the appointments, being sure of mine, my personal effects were started on their way towards the other end of the Conference, which this year has spread out immensely, including within its limits a portion of the "Lone Star" Republic of South America.

This evening, although very tired physically and mentally, I felt strongly impressed to attend the revival services still in progress under Bro. Harrison's leadership at Trinity Church. Being clearly assured that the Lord had need of me there, I went cheerfully with a prayer in my heart for strength. A special message was given me for the church and for some souls who were earnestly seeking to know all of God's will. Referring to that incident in a letter that has just come to hand, Bro. Perrin says: "Some of the souls who listened to you that night in Trinity

Church will not forget the scene to all eternity."

We reached Greenfield Wednesday evening, where we spent three days at my father's. They were good days to us all. My precious mother! God bless her! I feel still the presence of her hand upon my head in benediction. With a face aglow with a holy love for Christ, far surpassing in its intensity that which she had in her youth, she said, "I am glad, I am honored, in your going out, my boy, in obedience to this call of the Master. There are three other boys left to me here, but if the Lord should call them all to His service as He is now calling you, and if it should fall to my lot to have stranger hands close my eyes in death, I would still rejoice and thank God that He had given me children whom I could thus give back to Him." If it shall be my privilege to present to my Lord at last any gathered sheaves, they will, under God, be as much my mother's as mine.

Saturday evening, April 23, found us at the dear old homestead of my wife in Starksboro, Vt. This is historic ground in Methodism. There in an old log house that was torn down to give place to the present roomy structure, Bishop Hedding was led to Christ by Molly Bushnell, my wife's great-grandmother, whose memory Dr. Horace Bushnell embalmed in a touching and well-deserved tribute. The church founded by her faith and zeal still stands. The day following my arrival being Conference Sunday, I was invited to preach. My soul was stirred within me as I saw the desolation of Zion, and I announced special revival services for each evening during my stay in town. The people responded, the church was wonderfully quickened and baptized, several were happily converted, and on taking leave of them on Friday, there were many hopeful signs of a general revival of increasing power.

For dear Mother Halcomb, widowed, old, and feeble, to give up her only daughter, was a severe test of love and faith, but grace triumphed. Friday night was spent by special request at Dr. J. E. King's beautiful home in Ft. Edward, N. Y. The Classical Institute, my wife's Alma Mater, under the joint supervision of the general Doctor and his son-in-law, Prof. W. W. McGilton, is in a flourishing condition, ranking among the first institutions of its grade as a general training and college-fitting school for both sexes.

Saturday evening found us in New York City, the guests of Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Ruliffson, the superintendents of Bethany Institute, a missionary training school. Of this charming home and the somewhat unique character of the work done here, I will speak later in a special article. The farewell services as announced in the published programme, began on Sunday morning at John St. Church, and continued for two days. The sermons by Drs. Sanford Hunt, A. C. Brown, Merritt Hulburd, and President Buttz were full of unction, and the experience meetings were seasons of wonderful power and blessing. The hearts of all Christians present were electrified, and the hearts of the outgoing missionaries were filled with courage and hope. Strictly speaking, the final service was held in the elegant parlors of Mrs. Dr. Palmer, in connection with the regular and long-established Tuesday afternoon meetings. About 250 were present. The Holy Spirit filled the place in a peculiar manner. Said one regular attendant to me on coming out, "The meeting touched high water mark to-day." It would hardly seem possible that any intelligent Christian, hearing the testimonies given at this and the other meetings by the outgoing missionaries themselves and by those who are directly or indirectly interested in the propagation of this special form of mission work, could question that this whole movement is of God. Of the present outgoing company six besides myself and family go to Chili, and three to Para, Brazil. Dr. and Mrs. Lowrey are also to go with us for a brief visit, to attend to some matters of administration in behalf of the committee.

But this letter is already too long. Will write again before leaving Great Britain. We are to sail from Glasgow, Scotland, May 20. Let all lovers of Christ and His cause follow us with their prayers.

New York, May 4.

P. S. The first draft of the above was written with a view to mailing at New York, but in the hurry and rush of final preparation, I did not get it in shape for the printer before sailing. I now send it back from Queenstown, where we touch this Saturday A. M., May 14. Have had a safe passage. All well.

I. G. R.

Our Book Table.

THE DICTIONARY OF RELIGION: An Encyclopedia of Doctrines, Denominations, Ecclesiastical History, Biography, etc. Edited by Rev. Wm. Benham, B. D., F. S. A. London and New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. 8vo, 1,148 pages. The editor shows marked skill in condensing an immense amount of religious and ecclesiastical matter into this single volume. In most modern encyclopedias of this character different writers are employed, and especially denominational correspondents, to give summaries of the doctrinal views and polity of their own religious bodies. This work, however, the compiler of this volume has kept in his own hands. We therefore read with some interest what he says about the Wesleyans and Methodism; and while evidently showing the marks of a foreign hand, the compiler has exhibited great candor and generosity, and evidently sought to do justice to his theme. The biographies are almost entirely English and Continental. The volume covers a large field, and will be found very handy for reference on the desk of Bible teachers, intelligent laymen, and pastors unable to afford the larger and much more expensive works.

PEOPLE'S COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW, by Ed-

win W. Rice, D. D. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union. 12mo, 318 pp. This volume is well adapted for its chief intention as an aid to Bible scholars and teachers in the exposition of the sacred text. The text of both the received and revised versions is given. The introductory chapters upon the early manuscripts of the New Testament, their canonical character and authority, are sufficiently ample. The exegetical notes, illustrations, and homiletic applications are full, clear, and expressed in an attractive style. The volume is up to the best conservative criticism of the day. It is issued in excellent form, on good paper, with original and well-executed wood-engravings. Price, \$1.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND RUSSIAN DISSENT, comprising Orthodox, Dissent and Erratic Sects, by Alfred F. Heath, late Consul-General for Russia at Shanghai. 12mo, 310 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. The author of this volume, which has a special interest at this hour in view of the report of an attempt by the Pope to reconquer the two great branches of the Catholic Church—the Roman and the Greek—seems to have examined with much care his sources of information rendered possible by his long residence among the Russians. He relates in a condensed form, the story of the separation of the churches, with the causes, the introduction of the Eastern Church into Russia, and the fortunes of that church in the different provinces of the great empire during the long centuries to the present time. He also describes the various forms of dissent and heretical views around which minor ecclesiastical bodies have gathered. It is a very interesting and instructive work, and well adapted to the hour, and its pages full of valuable information. One very commendable feature is its ample index.

MISS PARLOA'S KITCHEN COMPANION, by Maria Parloa. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 12mo, \$2. Among the hundreds of fresh "cook-books," lately issued from the press, this volume ought to stand pre-eminent near the head. Its author has won for herself a wide reputation as a very successful teacher of cookery in our seminaries, and in special classes in Boston and New York. The book is admirably arranged, covers the whole "science and mystery" of this vital branch of housekeeping, presents well-arranged varieties of courses for the different months in the year, and gives a large body of carefully-tried recipes. The book has a full index, and leaves little to be desired in the kitchen, if its directions are carefully followed.

E. & J. B. Young & Co., the New York agents of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, issue two tastefully-published thin quarto volumes of the inimitable stories of the late Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing, the author of "Jackanapes," etc. They are entitled: "THE PEACE ERA, AND DANIEL LION CLOCKS and other stories." They are the delight of young readers, and are as wholesome as they are unique and attractive.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. issue a very handy and useful manual, entitled THE VACATION JOURNAL, A Diary of Outings from May until November. 12mo, \$1.25. It has a poetic motto on each page, the remainder being left blank for daily records. The little hand-book has also useful tables and suggestive hints for tourists, and is altogether a very convenient and beautiful companion for the traveler, enabling him to complete a volume which will render permanent the enjoyment of his summer tour.

THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER, by Lowell Choate. Round World Series. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25. This is a Boston story. The characters are not professional triflers like those of most society stories. The main interest of the book lies in a letter written by a physician, who, by brooding over a mysterious trouble, has become insane. This letter contains the secret of his life, and he places it in the hands of a young lady to whom his son is attached, and pledges her to secrecy until after his death. The existence of this letter, which, however, is known only to the young lady, seriously complicates affairs. At last the physician dies, and the contents of the letter are made known by his dying startling confession, but what for years had seemed like a black crime to the diseased mind of the suffering man, turns out to have been something very different. The clouds clear away, and all ends happily.

The presence of the author of the excellent little treatise just issued by Phillips & Hunt, New York, in this country, will add somewhat to the interest of the reader in its perusal. It is entitled, SOME ASPECTS OF THE BLESSED LIFE, by Mark Guy Pearse. 75 cents. The three short chapters are eminently spiritual, forcible, and inspiring reflections upon passages of Holy Scripture, bringing out some of the richer possibilities and experiences of holy living. It is a precious volume for hours of meditation and devotional reading.

The National Publishing Association, Philadelphia, issues a little volume, entitled PENTECOST IN PRACTICAL LIFE, by Charles P. Masden, D. D. This devout book embraces a series of articles upon the interior life of faith and the exterior walk of holiness, first published in the *Guide to Holiness* and in the *Christian Standard*. The volume is full of excellent suggestions as to daily life and duty, and will be found an excellent companion for the closet.

THE CHILDREN FOR CHRIST, by Rev. Andrew Murray. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 16mo, \$1.25, sent by mail. These are short, practical discourses, addressed to Christian parents, prompting to faithfulness, and suggesting modes for securing the consecration of the family. Thoughtful religious parents will heartily appreciate such a volume, and find in its spiritual pages food for reflection and stimulation to duty.

THE BLIND BROTHER: A Story of the Pennsylvania Coal Mines, by Honora Greene. 12mo, \$1.25. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. This story has already been read by many thousands who receive weekly that charming paper, the *Youth's Companion*. It won the large prize of \$1,500 in an open competition for the best serial story. It is a pathetic and interesting tale of incidents in mining life, and will readily win its way to the heart of the reader as soon as he enters upon its recital.

John B. Alden, the New York publisher, has completed the publication of his latest edition of Guizot's ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FRANCE. It is very fully published, on good paper, with clear type, crowded with illustrations, and bound in half morocco. The set includes eight of these 12mo volumes, and is sold for the moderate price of \$6. It is an attractive edition of a standard work—the popular "History of France."

E. B. Treat, publisher, New York, issues a new, revised and enlarged edition—the 55th thousand—of his CURIOUSITIES OF THE BIBLE. It has been

compiled by a New York Sunday-school superintendent, and is introduced by an appreciative preface from the pen of Dr. J. H. Vincent. 600 pp., crown size, \$2. The volume is a wonderful collection of Scripture exercises, queries, enigmas, chalk talks, concert exercises, facts and incidents—a perfect encyclopedia for a Sunday-school superintendent or teacher of matters of interest in his work.

Two additional volumes of the exquisitely-published, full edition of the WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING, have been issued from the Riverside Press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Two more, to be issued in June, complete this very attractive set. The latest volumes issued contain "The Ring and the Book," "Dramatis Personae," "My Secret," "Balshazzar's Feast," "The Ancestral Footstep," and "The Book of the Dead." The price of the set is \$17.50 a volume.

The Beecher volumes are beginning rapidly to appear. Ford's, Howard & Hulbert, New York, issue, in a very neat form, A SUMMER IN ENGLAND, by James B. Pond. Gift top, 288 pp., \$2. Mr. Pond for many years has been the lecture agent and traveling companion of the great preacher. He accompanied him in his late visit to Great Britain, and has given a very well-written and interesting account of its incidents. He has gathered together Mr. Beecher's notable addresses, after-dinner speeches and sermons, and has interspersed this, with the public expressions which he, called forth—altogether making a very interesting volume of permanent value. The book is illustrated with a fine photo-arty portrait of Mr. Beecher.

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J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, publish, in ornate paper covers, NORRIS'S CHILD, by J. V. Matthews, 25 cents—a pathetic and painful tale of a friendless girl amid the temptations of the city.

STORIES OF REMARKABLE WOMEN, by Faye Huntington. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, 60 cents. In the twenty-two brief sketches which make up this little volume the author has packed a good deal of pleasant information about well-known women, among them Alice and Phoebe Cary, Anne Murray, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Allen ("Pansy"), Louisa Dix, Miss Frances E. Willard, and others.

STORIES OF GREAT MEN, by Faye Huntington. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, 60 cents. A companion volume to the author's "Remarkable Women," and fulfills like requirements. It is made of twenty-two brief biographies of remarkable men, of ancient and modern times.

Periodicals and Pamphlets.

The Magazine of Western History for May continues the chronicles of Old West, with papers on "Simon Mills," "Henry Clay," "Sumner and Old Sam," "Kaskaskia," "Bishop Gilmore," "Hon. Thomas S. C. Bishop of Justice of Upper Canada," "Robert Newland, the Pioneer Banker of Western New York," "Wm. B. Allison," "A. G. Miller," "Joseph Hall," "Geo. Spence," with steel illustrations and editorial miscellany. Cleveland, Ohio, 145 St. Clair St.

The Magazine of Art for June has as its impressive frontispiece a painting in oil by A. R. A.—"The Symbol"—with an illustrated sketch of the artist. The other papers of the month are: "Pictures in Example," "Iconoclasm and the Destruction of Art," "Glimpses of Art Life," "The Florentine Fete," "Christina, Duchess of Milan," "Russian Bronzes," "Hardwick Hall," "Chronicles of Art," and "American Notes." Cassell & Co., 739-41 Broadway, New York.

The June number of the *Art Amateur* commences the 17th volume, and is a specially attractive and substantial number. In addition to the regular supplement, there are three colored plates—by Sir Frederick Leighton. The "Note Book," filled with current art miscellany, is an interesting chapter of fresh incidents in the world of art. We have the "Paris Salon of 1887," and an extended department under the head of "Gallery and Studio." The other departments are well filled—decorations, ceramics, art news, old and new books, correspondence, etc. Montague Marks, 23 Union St., New York. \$4 a year.

Scrivener's Magazine for June has an admirable paper by Mr. John C. Rogers on the portrait of Napoleon I. as illustrating his character and temper at different ages of his life, with numerous engravings. E. J. Simson writes upon "The Ethics of Democracy." The delightful letters of Thackeray are continued. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson continues "Miss Pringle's Neighbors." W. T. Brigham gives an instructive paper on "Gautama." Sarah Olen Jewett has a capital short story—"Kiddie's Promises." "Sch's Brother's Wife" moves on. Nora Perry's story is about "Two Russians." The number is an attractive one, well-adapted to the traveling season.

D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, have been made the American agents for the *London Journal of Education*, a monthly record and review. It is the very best of the foreign educational periodicals. No teacher or school officer wishing to keep abreast of the latest educational theory and practice can afford to be without it. The subscription price for America is the same as that for Great Britain, namely, 6s. 6d., or \$1.65, prepaid.

The *Forum* for June has a paper from the pen of Prof. F. L. Patten, under the title, "Is America a Democracy?" and seems to promise more than that it fulfills. Andrew Lang has a characteristic and entertaining paper upon the "Books that have Helped Me." G. J. Romanes has a thoughtful essay in answer to the question, "What

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1887.

"TOUCH ME NOT."

This was the response of our Lord to Mary in the garden, where was His sepulchre. She had found this empty, and was turning away in tears, when she observed, not far distant, one whom she supposed to be the gardener. To his query, "Why weepest thou?" she gives the touching answer, hardly looking up in her sorrow, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." "Mary!" fell upon her ear, uttered in a tone never to be forgotten. There could be no mistaking that voice. Mary turns at once and rushes, involuntarily, to embrace Him. "Touch me not," Jesus says, doubtless in the same gentle tones. There are many expositions given, by different commentators, to the reason which our Lord offers for the kindly restraint which He places upon her loving violence. It may be He meant to say, "You need not hold me as if I were about to escape from you. I shall not immediately leave you; but go tell my brethren that I am about to ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

But certainly no injustice will be done to this somewhat remarkable expression, if it be taken in its literal signification. Our Lord's earthly relation to His disciples had closed. The freedom of approach to the son of Mary, the carpenter of Nazareth, the weary preacher by the Sea of Galilee, the gentle guest of the family of Bethany, would now be subdued and restrained by the exalted position He was about to resume. He would carry with Him to the Throne the same heart of sympathy, the same unutterable love, the same readiness to hear and to respond to the humblest prayer, but He was to be no longer in His humiliation as the son of man. He was now to receive into His hands "all power in heaven and in earth," and to lead forth His church in the work of the world's redemption.

Mary's natural and impetuous affection is liable to be constantly repeated, and perhaps this very Scripture was intended to be a perpetual reminder of the exalted character and position of our Lord, and a restraint upon an irreverent familiarity. Love involuntarily expresses itself in natural symbols and in the tenderest words. No human relation can be closer than that of the redeemed soul and its Saviour; no love can be more intense than that of one who has awakened to a full apprehension of his obligation to his Lord, and in whose heart He has become "chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." When such a flood of heavenly love fills the soul, it must find some expression. Christ in bodily presence is not near to receive open worship and adoration. The lips involuntarily break forth in warm ejaculations or in strains of sacred song. In this hour the soul should not forget the object of its overmastering passion. Even when the Lord spoke to His wondering servant out of the burning bush, about to send him upon a divine mission, He restrained his steps—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Love seems to long to use its human symbols, but this would soon lower the exalted and ecstatic character of the purer affection. It is liable to expend itself in sensuous and passionate words, and to fail of the immediate, high and holy consecration which should be its permanent product; "for the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if

one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not, henceforth, live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

There has always been a tendency among sincerely and deeply pious people to clothe their emotions towards Christ in too human and unrestrained language. In the true and real brotherhood that is revealed, the awe-awakening Deity is overlooked; in the rich and heavenly visions of His face, renewed by the Holy Spirit, His exalted character—Lord of lords and King of kings—is sometimes forgotten. This is often seen in the writings of the French and German Mystics and Pietists; expressions that would come little short of blasphemy, dropping from thoughtless lips, fall continually from their pens. And this suggests the most painful form of the offense. Good people fall into the habit of using such terms, and finally, without even the strong emotion which they symbolize, in their familiar conversations, in their prayers, ministers at times in their sermons, use these endearing and humanizing phrases, when there is no corresponding ardent love in their souls.

The Moravians were much given to this form of addressing the Saviour, and their hymns were so humanly passionate in their expressions, that Mr. Wesley would not have them used in his services or introduced into his hymn-books. Many of our modern revival songs are of the same objectionable character. It must give a painful shock to a reverent and sensitive Christian to hear some of these ardent strains, addressed in the most seasons terms, to the world's Redeemer, sung in perfect unconsciousness of their significance, as if the singers were simply borne away on the strains of a passionate and exciting melody.

Some of Faber's hymns are of this character. No one of our Christian hymnists has sung in more exalted and hallowed strains, or succeeded in expressing the height of devout affection in more humble and worshipful lines, except Charles Wesley; as when he bursts forth,—

"The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.
They love not; for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem;
They fear not; for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them."

But at other times Faber sadly lowers the standard of his sacred muse, as when he wrote:—

"He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly he kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how he had missed me."

It is the marvelous peculiarity of the hymns of Charles Wesley, that while they express the deepest, tenderest, most triumphant and overmastering love, they never forget the exalted character of the divine Saviour, but are as humble and reverent as they are elevating and exultant.

There are some religious services where no restraint is placed upon such utterances. Without deliberately purposing to do such a thing, the speakers seem to challenge their possibilities to use the most familiar, the most intense, the most human expressions of their affection for the Lord. The manner is as offensive and irreverent as is the matter of their addresses. Christ, whom all the angels worship at the command of the Father, is spoken of in the most flippant way, and the deepest and broadest affection for Him is uttered apparently in the most thoughtless manner. The bursts of sensuous song seem to lack all reverence, and are poured out at the top of the voice, as if the passionate words themselves had not sufficient significance. True and deep piety and holy love are rather silent than boisterous. When the sanctuary of a human heart is cleansed and filled with the divine Presence, and the unspeakable rest and peace that the heavenly Guest brings are sure to follow, then there must be, consciously, in that soul—

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

ENGLISH LETTER.

London Religious Festivities.

London is in the height of the season. "Jubilee year" adds special attractions. "Jubilee" salutes the ear and eye on every side. Festivals multiply. The Queen appears in public as she has not during her sore and true bereavement. She even honored the American Exhibition and "Buffalo Bill" with her presence this week.

Yet amid all the distractions of the social and political world, the May Meetings more than hold their own. I am glad to report an increase of interest. This is seen in the crowded audiences, in the long and patient sittings, and in the enthusiasm manifested. I have been present at many of the two hundred and more, and am more than ever impressed with their importance and influence. In commercial depression, amid rationalism and infidelity, with a fierce and relentless political conflict, the multitudes come, by the

hundreds of thousands, from city and hamlet and distant province, and evince deepening, undying interest in the kingdom of God on earth.

The most renowned in Church and State, and ablest orators, are heard on the platform. Christianity has the highest patronage; and it is declared by the best judges that religious life in England is waxing purer, stronger, and more potential for good. There is certainly an increase of missionary fervor. The societies of the different denominations show enlarged prosperity. This is manifest not only in wider openings for laborers, but in greater interest at home, in increased liberality and increased number of candidates. England is thoroughly "stumped" by missionary deputations; the people become constantly better informed, while returned missionaries tell their fresh stories from the battle-field.

Yesterday I attended the ninety-third anniversary of the London Missionary Society. The great Exeter Hall was packed. Deepest feeling was manifested, and the same fact was uttered here as on other missionary platforms—the number of candidates offering themselves for Christ-work is far in excess of money in the treasury. Thus onward progress is retarded. Earnest effort is made in many quarters for missionaries, men and women, who will be self-sustaining, either through their own resources, or by the help of friends, already with some encouraging results.

The London Missionary Society has a remarkable showing in Madagascar. Its progress has not been hindered by the new political conditions, the presence of the French resident-general, nor by the fact that the Romish Church has returned in increased force to resume work. With its thirty English missionaries, it reports the astounding number of 328 native ordained ministers, and 4,395 native preachers, with 61,000 church members and 230,000 adherents. Yet half the population remain heathen, and have not been touched by the Gospel.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

Politics are eschewed by the anniversary. But there is a notable exception. The Congregational Union, composed of delegates, ministerial and lay, from the Congregational churches of England and Wales, to the number of about six hundred, is in session, and makes a marked impression. They are a fine-looking body of intelligent, independent thinkers. At a meeting in the City Temple, Dr. Parker moved the resolution: "That the assembly, feeling it a cause of deepest regret that in the year of Jubilee there should be so violent a discord between Her Majesty's government and the majority of the Irish nation, records its protest against the coercive policy of Her Majesty's present advisers, and is of opinion that justice and conciliation would best perpetuate the union between the two countries."

After a brief discussion, the resolution was carried well-nigh unanimously, there being only ten dissentients. This is a most remarkable result, and does great credit to a most influential religious body. It is safe to say, and exceedingly humiliating, that such a resolution could never be carried through the Wesleyan Conference. While the American Methodist Church is in the van of every reform, and its ministers leaders in every advanced movement, constantly in touch with the great people, the Wesleyan Church in England is, to a great degree, conservative and Toryish. There is a great gulf between the two in spirit, despite uniformity of doctrine. Clinging to the Prayer-book in half of its churches, and only semi-independent, there is little wonder that it has lost its hold upon the people and does not represent the people.

It was a marked event that Dr. Parker subsequently entertained Mr. Gladstone at luncheon. To the large company assembled Mr. Gladstone gave a most excellent address of an hour's length, which undoubtedly is cable to American readers. He fondly trusts to-day, as in former times in connection with great reforms, to "draw strength, consolation and refreshment from the powerful Nonconformist element that permeates English society."

RETROGRESSION.

The distinguished American declared the present age to be one of retrogression. "The free voice of the House of Commons has been reduced to silence for the purpose of carrying repressive measures." What is true of the State is equally true of the Church. The Upper House of Convocation, the House of Bishops, has just issued a deliverance in respect to interchange of pulpits with Nonconformists. Certain priests of the Church of England have preached in the eyes of many devout church people. It was declared to be "against all primitive practice, against all catholic usage, and against the principles of the Reformation." An appeal to law was deemed inexpedient, as "different opinions might be expected."

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That in the opinion of this House, it is contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church, as maintained at the English Reformation, that clergymen should take part in the public religious services of those who are not in full communion with the Church of England; and it is desirable that the Bishops should use their authority in this direction." This settles the matter in respect to the animus of the State Church. The growth is towards narrowness.

WESLEYANS STRIKING GOLD.

News has just come of the discovery of gold on the Methodist Good Hope Farm in the Transvaal. Great efforts have been made by speculators. Rev. Owen Watkins, who has been on a return visit from this African field, and whose voice has been so welcome on the May Meetings platform, has been ordered back by the Missionary Committee, with full powers to act in the

premises. He originally purchased the property. Mr. Watkins sailed yesterday. This is an advance on Chaplain McCabe in his audacious attacks on people's pockets, but he will doubtless profit by the example.

GIDEON DRAPER.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The anniversary of Boston University have been especially interesting this year. A fine body of our ministers from different Conferences present at the examination of the Theological School. They have embodied in their report the impressions they have received, and the results of their personal observations. The Baccalaureate discourse of Bishop Foster was an address not soon to be forgotten by those who listened to it. The large hall of the University was filled by students and invited guests. The Bishop was manifestly in a bad physical condition, and we all felt much anxiety as to his being able to go through with his portion of the service, but there was no exhibition of mental or physical weakness after he commenced. His discourse was not a sermon, but a familiar and very earnest and impressive address directly to the graduating classes—the different schools, upon the obligations resulting from their privileges, as educated men and women, and the character of the times upon which they were about to enter. He pictured with startling vividness the perils and possibilities arising out of the industrial condition of the age, the contest between Christianity and false religious systems, and in the very households of the Christian faith, and the general contention between righteousness and unrighteousness, never more fierce than at present. At times the Bishop was powerfully moved himself, and called out the hearty responses of his audience.

The slugs and snails of the different schools had very grateful receptions; that of the graduating class was largely attended, and was an occasion of much social enjoyment. The class is a fine one, and its members, we doubt not, will be heard of hereafter, doing honor to themselves, and bringing honor upon their Alma Mater. The rain and chill of Commencement day in no measure quenched the ardor of the friends of the University. Tremont Temple was full, and alive with young and happy friends, and with the graver and more thoughtful youth in gaining upon so hopeful a scene. The platform was ornamented with conservatory flowers; and the fragrance of the abundant bouquets, that during the afternoon fell into fair hands, filled the air with their fragrance.

Dr. Warren, the beloved President, was absent—never more missed than at such an hour. A very interesting letter had been received from him by the trustees, in which he speaks confidently of his improving health, and his eager expectation of resuming his duties at the beginning of the next academic year. His place, however, on the platform was very gracefully supplied by Dean Huntington, of the School of Liberal Arts. Chancellor Sims, of the Syracuse University, offered the opening prayer. The exercises were neither monotonous nor wearisome. The speaking was excellent in enunciation and grace of address. The ladies were well represented in their young physician and the member of the graduating class. The theologians, perhaps, won the honors of the day, in their admirable addresses. Mr. Coe, upon "Essential Christianity," was clear, fresh in thought, forcible in argument, and animated in delivery, and Mr. Jefferson aroused and thrilled the audience, calling out their repeated applause, with his short, ringing sentences, his rapidly discharged thoughts, like a volley of musketry, his fresh and vigorous protestations that the hour before us was not one of "peace," but of the sword. Mr. Warren, of the graduating class, fully sustained the family reputation, showing the descent of hereditary genius in his thoughtful and beautiful essay, which was finely delivered. The lawyers and the Bachelor of Science did ample credit to their training. Twenty-nine graduates received the degree of A. B., nineteen of them ladies, and five ladies that of Ph. D. Fifteen gentlemen received the degree of S. B., and two—a gentleman and lady—diplomats from the College of Music. Twelve gentlemen reached the grade of S. T. B. in the School of Theology. The lawyers were out in great force; two received the degree of LL. B., *summa cum laude*; six *magna cum laude*; eight *cum laude*, and twenty-nine without the Latin legend. Twenty-eight graduated from the School of Medicine, of whom nine were ladies. In the School of All Sciences one received the degree of Master of Arts, and twelve that of Ph. D.—all gentlemen. The trustees' reception in the evening crowded Jacob Sleeper Hall, and was a delightful every way.

We learn that the prospects of the entering class for next year are very encouraging, especially as to the number of gentlemen. The financial condition of the University is also a matter of much congratulation among its friends and patrons.

In the wonderful interest which has been awakened of late in Japan in educational questions, and especially in the acquisition of the English language, the missionaries have sent on requests to the boards in this country, to secure the co-operation of the Y. M. C. A. in sending out young men for a limited period, as missionary teachers. The government will provide buildings and salaries; the expense of reaching Japan, and any small additional compensation, to be met by the missionary boards. Fifty such men could have immediate employment. No objection is made to the Bible in the schools, and a wide field of usefulness is thus opened before earnest, intelligent young Christian men. It is important that the Christian churches should be awake to the significance of this movement. The question to be decided is, whether this education, so eagerly sought, shall lead to Christianity or to infidelity. Japan is ready to renounce her old faiths. It is for Christian zeal and sacrifice to give her the Gospel of the Son of God in connection with the coveted language and literature which hold it as a solemn trust.

A movement on the part of the Episcopal mission in Japan has been originated, like to that which we have lately seen in this country, to secure a union among the Protestant churches. In Japan the proposal of the English Church is to unite under the form of a national church, but not under State authority—a Church of Japan. As the first proposal, coming through Bishop Bickersteth, seemed to be the establishment of a church requiring for membership only a credible profession of Christianity, the plan seemed feasible; but looking a little deeper into the matter, the representative of the Presbyterian bodies, Rev. Wm. McBride, found that this union could only be effected by accepting the Episcopal polity, the headship of his Bishop and his ordination to the ministry, and the confirmation of the laity. The older and larger mission in Japan—the Presbyterian—was hardly in condition to declare itself not a true church of Christ, or to express doubt as to the validity of her ordinations and the administration of the Scriptural sacraments. So the well-meant, but impracticable, plan fell to the ground.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Rev. Prof. D. Dorechester, jr., of Boston University, sailed last Thursday, on the "Bothnia," for a year's visit to England and the Continent. The professor and his cultivated wife, who accompanies him, will spend most of the time in England, pursuing his studies in English literature and political economy, and attending university lectures. We commend the Professor to the courtesies of our Wesleyan friends, who will find him to be a very pleasant Christian gentleman and an excellent preacher.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Studley was called East, last week, to attend the funeral of Mr. James Burgess, a former parishioner at Tremont St. Church, Boston, whose sudden death brought sorrow into a large circle of friends. This service—a sad one indeed—the Doctor has been often called to perform since he left for his Western field.

Bishop Mallieu delivered the annual sermon during the Commencement exercises of Little Rock University, Ark., and President Alfred Noon the Baccalaureate. The exercises of the graduating class occur June 8.

There is little fear of our pastors and churches forgetting that next Sunday is "Children's Day." It has become the established habit throughout our Methodist charges in New England, and nearly throughout the connection. It is a glad and blessed day, when the heart of the fathers is turned to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.

The Bethany Institute, New York city, for the preparation of laborers for woman's Christian work, makes its fifteenth annual report. The institution offers special opportunities for instruction to city missionaries, Bible readers, and those intending to enter upon the foreign work. It has secured new and larger accommodations, at 105 East 17th St., and last year had twenty-eight ladies under instruction. Its graduates are found in the field in all portions of the country, in our large cities, and in Africa and the East. It certainly merits the hearty sympathy and support of the Christian churches. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ruffin are still its able and faithful superintendents.

There is an International Bible Reading Association, with its headquarters in London. It has a number of branches in this country. There is quite a flourishing one in Monson, in this State. It now numbers 150,000 members scattered throughout Christendom. Each member takes a pledge to read a certain passage of Scripture daily. Membership in this society is specially valuable to our young people. It is certainly a significant and providential fact that at this hour, when a destructive criticism was never more violent, by various plans, instituted without previous arrangement, more persons, by tens of thousands, have become interested in the practical study of the Holy Scriptures than ever before. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one word or title of the Divine Word while the world stands.

The catalogue of Cladun University and College of Agriculture, Orangeburg, S. C., for 1887, shows a flourishing condition of the institution. Rev. M. D. Dunton, D. D., and a large faculty form the board of instruction. Between four and five hundred students have been in attendance during the different terms of the past year, in the various departments. The institution enjoys the good will of the State authorities, and shares in the distribution of the State Fund. It bears an honored New England name, and is accomplishing a service that would make glad the heart of its late generous and honored patron.

The National Educational Association meets in Chicago, Ill., July 12, and holds its sessions through the 15th. An able and interesting program of exercises has been provided. The round trip from this vicinity will cost but \$22. The tickets will be good to go from July 4 to the 15th, and to return up to Sept. 10. An excursion party, stopping at Niagara Falls, will be arranged. All desired information can be obtained of Mr. A. S. Hanson, general passenger agent, Boston & Albany Railroad, or at the Washington St. No. 232, or of Mr. Alfred Bunker, Boston Highlands.

Word comes to us that already a large number of students have applied for admission next fall to the School of Theology and College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. This will largely increase the demand on the resources of the Board of Education and the New England Education Society. Last year twenty-six students in the former department received aid in the form of loans from the Board of Education, but all but two were limited to a maximum of fifty dollars, one-half the amount which the majority of them had been relying upon. Let the Children's Day Fund be once more clearly explained, in every New England congregation. Let the holy privilege it affords for improving our future ministry not be forgotten. Let our pastors once more remind themselves that by disciplinary regulation the Children's Day collection is to be equally divided between the Board of Education and the N. E. Education Society.

Rev. Dr. I. L. Lowe, acting president of the New Orleans University, writes May 27:— "The trustees of New Orleans University, at its meeting the 24th inst., conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Nicholas Tillman, of Portland, Me. This is the first honor which Bishop Mallieu and Dr. Hartzell are so zealously laboring, trying to secure the finishing and furnishing of the new building. We want the help of Zion's Herald friends."

The University has certainly honored itself. Munkacsy's great picture of "Christ before Pilate," of which such vivid description was given in our paper by Dr. Butler, during its exhibition in New York, will be open to visitors at Horticultural Hall, Tremont St., this week. It will be amply worth a visit to Boston.

De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., celebrates its semi-centennial, June 21, in connection with the Commencement exercises. A number of addresses are to be given on the occasion. Among others, Bishop Bowman, who fills the chair of chancellor of the institution, will speak. The present Commencement occurs under the shadow of the death of its noble patron, whose name it bears; but his generous bequest, as well as the title of the University, will keep his life and example fresh and precious in the memories of the coming generations.

June 4, *Our Youth*, which has already won a wide and deserved patronage among the young people of our church, commences its 4th volume. It appears in a renewed and very attractive mechanical style of execution, and is illustrated with fine engravings. Its character will not be essentially changed, but no pains will be spared to constantly increase its interest and substantial value. It evidently shares largely in the best thoughts of its accomplished editor, Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Rev. J. D. Butler, the venerable and es-

teemed chaplain of the New Bedford Port Society, writes in a business note:—

"I am well, though very lame, but still at my post at the Bethel. They insist upon my holding on, though I am now nearly seventy-eight years old and infirm. I can get to the office at the Bethel and attend to business every day, and preach every Sunday. I hope the good people will remember me in their prayers. I cannot spare the HERALD. I have taken it since 1855. It is the only paper I read through. The Lord bless you in your work!"

On Saturday, June 11, Dr. Meredith holds his last session with the Saturday afternoon Bible class. It will, doubtless, be an occasion of great interest. The growth and enthusiasm of the class, under its able and popular teacher, has been something phenomenal, and it will be a difficult matter to supply his place and retain the two or three thousand members who have weekly enjoyed his instructions.

Rev. A. E. Denning, of the Congregational Publishing and Sunday-school Society, has provided and published an admirable plan to secure the reading of the portions of the Bible, forming the International Lesson for the day, on each succeeding Sunday, on the part of those who cannot, or do not attend the Sunday-school. A neat tract, containing the plan and a pledge, with a card securing the weekly recognition of the promise, is published by the Society, to be circulated by the superintendent and officers of the Sunday-school. It is certainly an excellent device to awaken a wider interest in the weekly lesson. We advise our pastors to obtain a copy of the "plan" at the Society's depository, corner Beacon and Somerset Sts.

Miss Lillian Mansfield Packard, daughter of Dr. L. D. Packard, of South Boston, has been appointed to the department of mathematics at LaSalle Seminary. Miss Packard is a graduate of LaSalle and of Boston University, at which latter institution she took, also, a special course in mathematics. She is a young lady of engaging address, of rare Christian character, and of marked ability in her chosen profession. LaSalle is to be congratulated on this valuable accession to its teaching force.

The venerable Mr. Wm. N. Miller, the oldest member of Newton Centre M. E. Church, after several years of intense physical suffering, last Tuesday fell peacefully asleep in the Lord. He had reached the mature years of 77. Of Maine birth, he united with the church fifty-four years ago in Bristol, where he is still remembered with affection by the older members. He was for over thirty years an esteemed and honored merchant in Boston, residing in Cambridge and Chelsea, where many friends remain who cherish his memory. He was a man of unblemished character, of excellent business talents, benevolent with his means, a devout Christian, fond of the means of grace, and faithful in his duties. During his long years of suffering he has been unimpaired and resigned. At times, in the expectation of death, he has enjoyed blessed visions of the unseen world, and triumphed aloud in the grace of the Gospel. He leaves a widow, three children, and a number of grandchildren. "The memory of the just is blessed."

An extended account of the M. E. Church at Amesbury, Mass., will appear next week. James P. Magee, at the Depository, 38 Bromfield St., issues the Official Minutes and Pastoral Record of the 88th Session of the New England Annual Conference. It makes a stout document of 136 octavo pages, giving the proceedings, reports, sermons, and statistics of the session, in a well-arranged form. It is very neatly published.

We add our hearty congratulations to the following pleasant personal:— "June 1, in Matthews Street Church, by Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., assisted by the pastor, Rev. H. Buckley, and Rev. D. A. Whiston, D. D., W. F. Garrison, M. R. L. The happy couple left for their bridal tour in the evening."

Rev. Narcisse Cyr, a well-known French clergyman and preacher in this city—a professor, also, in the French School of All Sciences, Boston University—has been cordially invited to return to France to labor in connection with the McCall Mission and in the Reformed Church. Mr. Cyr has accepted the invitation, and will soon leave for the new field of service.

Rev. Alfred Noon, president of Little Rock University, writes that the trustees of that institution have conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. C. W. Gallagher, president elder of the New Bedford District, N. E. Southern Conference. The honor is certainly worthily conferred, and will bestow as much credit upon the institution as upon the recipient. Dr. Gallagher is a cultivated scholar in the Biblical languages, widely read in theology, and an excellent preacher.

Tremont Temple was crowded on Monday between 12 and 1:30 to listen to Canon Wilberforce. It is rarely that an audience is held by such an intense magnetic power, for so long a period, as under the rapid, earnest, eminently spiritual, and often very eloquent address of the speaker. It was every way a powerful and practical temperance discourse, calling forth the repeated responses of his hearers. It was the downright earnestness, frankness and truthfulness of the eminent clergyman that impressed and moved the audience. He is utterly unconventional in his manner, more rapid than Phillips Brooks, full, to a burning enthusiasm, of his theme, and evidently convinced of his call from the great Master to press forward this vital reform. His discourse in Tremont Temple is an era in itself in the progress of the movement. Rev. Dr. John W. Hamilton presided at the service, and opened it with a short and appropriate address. Rev. Dr. Gordon offered prayer, and Rev. A. Gould led the singing.

COMMENCEMENTS.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY, WILBRAHAM.

Friday, June 17, at 7:45 p. m., prize declaration by members of first and second year's classes. Sunday, June 19, at 10:45 a. m., sermon before the graduating class by the principal. Monday, June 20, at 2 p. m., examination of classes; at 7:45 p. m., junior prize declaration. Tuesday, June 21, at 8 a. m., examination of classes to be continued through the day; at 2 p. m., annual meeting of trustees; at "Club" Hall; at 7:45 p. m., annual address before the alumni by Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston; at 9 p. m., net reception. Studio, Fish Hall, under the direction of Miss Wyman. Wednesday, June 22, at 10 a. m., report of committee of examination, reading of grades, and distribution of prizes; at 2 p. m., class day exercises of the senior class; at 7:45 p. m., musical concert, under the direction of Miss Stebbins. Thursday, June 23, at 9 a. m., exercises of the graduating class; at 7:45 p. m., social interview.

EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY.

Saturday, June 18, 8 p. m., principal's reception to graduating class. Sunday, June 19, 2:30 p. m., sermon before the graduating class, by Rev. W. E. Huntington, Ph. D.

Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. Conference sermon, by Rev. D. J. District, at 4:45 a. m., Monday, June 20, at 8 a. m., address before the Alumni Society, by Mrs. Kate L. Stevenson, of Newton, Mass. Tuesday, June 21, 8 p. m., annual conference of the stockholders; 2 p. m., annual meeting of the board of management; 2:30 p. m., prize declarations and readings; 8 p. m., address before the Adelphi and Philomathean Societies, by Rev. James M. King, D. D., of New York city. Thursday, June 23, 9:30 a. m., graduating exercises. Examinations, Monday p. m., Tuesday all day, and Wednesday a. m. Art rooms open during the week.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

In the few days that intervene between the first and second Sunday of June, there is an opportunity for the children to express their interest in the M. E. Church, and to form the basis of the collection for the Children's Day. Children's Day, by judicious management, may be made to result in great advantage to the educational interests of our church, in order that this may be realized, it is of the most importance that all members of our congregations, from the oldest member of the church to the youngest member of the Sunday-school, should understand clearly the object of Children's Day. The occasion of this article is the suspicion, on the part of the writer, that many persons are in the dark upon this subject.

We understand that our church appointed Children's Day a few years since for the purpose of creating a Sunday-school fund of the Board of Education, whose object should be to aid in educating those indigent, worthy young persons who desire to obtain a liberal education. This we understand, is to be accomplished by loaning money to the needy, which can be repaid later in life, when the party has completed his education and become established in his profession.

The moral object of such an organization is to develop in the mind of the child a desire for early life to give of his means to benevolent objects. We recognize the importance of the child, in its twofold character, namely, to the indigent student, and to the developing mind of the child in a proper manner.

Have these objects been attained in the practical workings of the day? We claim that they have not to a desirable extent. Why have they not? To this we reply "that hindrance of a twofold character has prevented." First there has been a misunderstanding in regard to where the money should be sent. Some have collected and sent the money to the Board of Education, but the amount raised has, through the expense of each organization, been sent to the local or Congregational Education Society. This is especially likely to occur when the Conference Educational Society collection has been taken on the same day of the Children's Day collection. When this does occur, there is special instruction given in discipline in regard to the disposal of the funds, by dividing them equally and sending half to each organization. The other half is to be sent to the local or Congregational Education Society. This is especially likely to occur when the Conference Educational Society collection has been taken on the same day of the Children's Day collection. When this does occur, there is special instruction given in discipline in regard to the disposal of the funds, by dividing them equally and sending half to each organization. The other half is to be sent to the local or Congregational Education Society.

The amount of the collection taken. When the time comes to take into consideration the position of Children's Day, we begin to hear at once the question asked: What are we going to do for the children? The idea that is Children's Day, seems to turn the heads of some away from the true object for which the day was appointed. To the question, "What do you wish to do for them?" they say, "We ought to give them out flowers or painted plants. This, they claim, it is necessary to do, because other denominations are with their Children's Day efforts making great preparations to make it especially attractive by giving the children flowers. The argument in favor of our doing the same thing is, that 'we cannot keep up our numbers; our scholars will go where they are the most costly.' It is an undertaking to argue the case by showing that such a course is destitute of any principle and is only tampering with the mind of the child, or to show that such a course will practically defeat the purpose of the church in a twofold sense, first by diminishing the collection, secondly by diverting the mind of the child from the object of education to the consideration of themselves, then a proposition will be suggested to have a committee to raise funds for the subscription for the children's day. However, is it not a pity that the children, because the amount of money taken out of a society ostensibly for the benefit of the children on Children's Day, will either directly or indirectly interfere with the collection for educational purposes. We have some experience to refer to in regard to this matter. In past years we have known more money to be taken out of the treasury of the Sunday-school for the Children's Day collection than for the Children's Day fund. On this particular occasion the special collection for the object would have been still smaller had it not been for the loyal efforts of a few who were working against great odds.

We claim that just here is an important principle at stake. We believe that the church has wisely arranged our day for taking the collection, and that every loyal Methodist should do all he can to sustain and support these days by example and precept. The importance of making our children understand their obligation to others, before considering themselves, cannot be overestimated. If we are running our churches with the object of gathering together a crowd of persons without making upon their minds a proper impression, would we be admitting that our standard of Christianity is very low, at most not higher than an ordinary entertainment. Let us open our eyes to the important character of the work that the Church of Christ is calling upon us to accomplish for Him, and "put on all the armor of God, and having done all to stand." If we are laughed at, we can bear it for Christ's sake. If our numbers are small, they shall have a character, from being taught true principles, similar to those who on a certain occasion were able to lap water with their tongues, the character of whom will be for one to class a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. We cannot afford to make the fatal mistake of letting our children grow up without any definite idea of what their obligation is to their God, their neighbor, or to themselves.

In view of what has been said about precept to the children upon Children's Day, we desire to say that we believe heartily in taking notice of the children at a proper time, and we believe that there is no time so appropriate as Christmas. The anniversary of the advent of Christ as the Saviour of men into the world was the time when we men came into the world to give gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. It seems to us fitting to recognize this day in this manner, but when the church appoints a day for a specific purpose, then let us be loyal and support that object.

D. G. WOODVINE, M. D.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president National W. C. T. U., and the ladies of Evanston, W. C. T. U., gave a

The Conferences.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Memorial Day.—An unusual number of our New England Conference ministers delivered Memorial Day addresses and sermons. The list has grown on our hands to such a degree that reference to all would be impossible, and to select any one, when all are equally worthy of notice, would be unjust. We are pleased that our pastors are so generally recognized in this patriotic service, which, as an educator of loyalty, seems to be rapidly supplanting the more noisy and boisterous kind of July celebrations in addresses which teach lessons of patriotism.

Boston District.

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—Rev. T. C. Watkins presided. Rev. L. B. Bates read a Memorial of Rev. Joseph Marsh, of the N. E. Southern Conference. The meeting voted to hold its session, June 21st at Reading, Mass. Rev. Dr. Studer, of Detroit, and Revs. Tousey and Eastwood, of Central New York Conference, were introduced.

People's Church.—Rev. J. C. Ferguson, a graduate of the Theological School, and under appointment as missionary to China, had a farewell meeting at People's Church on Thursday evening last. The meeting was presided over by Rev. C. E. Davis. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Steele, and addresses were made by Revs. L. B. Bates, Prof. Burdell, and Dr. S. L. Baldwin and wife. Bro. Davis, in a few pleasant remarks, presented Bro. Ferguson with a check for \$100 from friends in the People's Church. Bro. Ferguson responded in a very feeling manner.

Winthrop St., Highlands.—Twenty-one persons were received from probation into full fellowship, Sabbath, June 5. An unusually large number commended. The Band of Ready Workers and young people have united, and hold their services every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. The pastor holds a prayer-meeting after the preaching service every Sabbath evening. A large number always remain to the services.

Tremont St.—Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered in the history of this church. In the morning a love-feast was largely attended, and was an enjoyable and profitable meeting. Thirty-two were received into full membership, six by letter, and two on probation. Rev. W. N. Brodbeck delivered an address to the candidates for full membership upon the doctrine and rules of the Methodist Church. The address was replete with the most thorough and careful instruction, so that many declared, after the ceremony, that the probationers did not join the church ignorant of their obligations.

At the close of the address, before putting the disciplinary questions, the pastor invited the class-leaders into the altar to join him in extending the right hand of fellowship to the new members.

Grace, Worcester.—Rev. W. N. Brodbeck, of Boston, preached an admirable sermon at the late jubilee service near the close of the revival under Rev. Thomas Harrison. His words will long be remembered.

Laurel St.—Rev. A. Sanderson, with his customary alacrity and cheerfulness, has entered into his labors. He has already completed his first tour of visitation, and nearly secured the first \$1,000 of his church debt.

Second Swedish Church.—Rev. H. W. Eklund, of Stockholm, Sweden, the new pastor, arrived May 29, and the year opens with great promise.

North Boston District.
Monument Square, Charlestown.—There is quite a renewal of the revival interest at this church. The pastor, Dr. McKewen, took seven on probation at the last general class, and last Sunday received fifteen into the church—five by letter, and ten by profession. Some were baptized by immersion.

Lovell.—The Clara Cushman mission-band of Central Methodist Church celebrated their "patron-saint's" birthday, recently. After a ride around town in a large barge, a reception was given to Miss Cushman at the parsonage. She was presented a gift, accompanied with verses written by Rev. S. B. Sweetser and written by Miss Grace Goodhue. At night, in the church, there was an entertainment under the direction of Mrs. Sweetser, and Miss Cushman made an address concerning her former work in China.

Ayer.—Rev. F. W. Hart writes:—"Last Sunday was my last at Ayer Church and West Groton. Ayer M. E. church has its foundation in, and the building partly framed. Fifteen came forward for prayers on Sunday evening last at West Groton, and two professed to have found the Saviour. A deep and growing interest in Christ is manifest there. Rev. A. H. Bennett, from Woodstock, takes my place, and is already there. I leave for Menomonee, Wis., where my brother is pastor (Rev. F. L. Hart), to recuperate during the summer, in preparation for next year's work."

Winchendon.—Rev. E. P. Herrick is pastor. About a year ago, the building was pronounced unsafe, and immediate repairs were necessary, but the church had for years been staggering under a heavy debt, which, through great efforts, had been reduced to \$5,500. During the past year extensive repairs have been made, and the renewed church was pronounced ready for re-opening, May 29. Bishop Foster preached one of his masterly sermons in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. S. F. Upham another in the evening, to large congregations. The total cost of repairs is about \$17,000. Through the earnest efforts of pastor and people, this amount was raised, and also enough to cancel the old debt, so that the church now starts on a new era of prosperity. The presiding elder, Dr. Chadbourne, has wisely advised and encouraged the brethren. He was present to rejoice

with them at their reopening and preached, and on Monday gave an excellent Memorial Day address in the church before a large audience. Rev. N. D. George and Rev. A. H. Herrick were present on Sunday at the feast of dedication.

LYNN DISTRICT.

East Boston.—The missionary crew of the East Boston Bethel mission boat visited, last Sabbath, 109 vessels in Boston Harbor, giving religious reading to nearly one thousand men. Dr. L. B. Bates says that these seamen carry Bibles, books, and papers to many other seamen all along our coast from Maine to California. Let the good people who are interested in the welfare of seamen, keep this mission boat well supplied with ammunition.

East Boston, Saratoga St., has lost by death one of its most esteemed members, Mrs. Sarah L. Moffatt. She was at one time a city missionary, a nurse in an army hospital at Annapolis, Md., during the war, and one of the most active organizers of the Saratoga St. Church. She also took a very prominent part in the establishment of a church in Berlin, Wis., and also organized a school for the instruction of colored children at Newcastle, Del.

Marblehead.—A precious work of grace has been going on in this church during the past few weeks. Christians have been roused to see their high privilege in Christ Jesus, and are seeking by renewed consecration a deeper work of grace in their own souls. At one of the first meetings after the new pastor came, a Prayer League was organized, and has been growing in numbers ever since. Each member of the League promises to pray and work for one person in particular for three months. Eight have been converted. The social meetings are steadily growing in numbers and interest. The Sunday evening meetings are very full. As so many of the churches in town have been a long time without a pastor, this church feels that it is peculiarly fortunate in having good pastors all the time, without any of the trouble the other churches experience before they can settle a minister.

Springfield District.
The following officers have been elected by the Springfield District Camp-meeting Association: President, L. C. Smith; vice-president, A. J. Pease; secretary, William W. More; treasurer, W. S. Wedge, of Chicopee. Four new chapels have been built on the grounds of the past year for Westfield, Greenfield, Gilliland Coleraine, and others will probably be built this year. A few private cottages have been built, and many repaired and repainted. The grounds are in fine condition and the affairs of the Association are in a prosperous condition.

Hampden.—Mrs. Lucetta D. Howlett, of Hampden, Mass., died, May 27, and left \$6,000 in trust to the trustees of the N. E. Conference of the M. E. Church, the annual income of which is to be given in various sums to the M. E. Church at Hampden, the Preachers' Aid Society of the N. E. Conference, and several benevolent causes of the M. E. Church. The pastor at Hampden, Rev. E. H. Tunnicliffe, writes: "I was read off at our last Conference for Leyden and East Coleraine, and subsequently changed by the Bishop to Hampden, but not before the appointments had gone to press. The result is, that much of my mail goes to Leyden."

Auburndale.—Lasell Seminary at Auburndale is just closing one of its most prosperous years. Prof. C. C. Bragdon, its popular principal, has been spending the year abroad with his family and the accomplished preceptress of the institution, and has shown his characteristic discrimination in calling to the acting principalship of his school Miss Catherine Chamberlayne, one of the most successful lady educators of our church. On entering upon her duties she commanded at once the deference of the students, and with entire ease and grace has held them under a moral control, so firm and judicious as to elicit the grateful recognition of the patrons and other friends of the school. By her scholarship and ideal character she has given to it an ideal preceptress and teacher. Nearly every room in the building is already engaged for the next year.

Corrections.
Please give Springfield District credit in the HERALD for apportioning presiding elder \$2,200; paid, \$2,133. The following charges not credited in the Minutes paid as follows: Palmer, \$32; Gill, \$14; Buckland, \$3; Heath, \$8; Russell, \$8; Turner's Falls, \$5; total, \$70.

G. F. EATON.
An apology is due from me to my church and the Conference for the blank which appears in the Minutes in the Sustentation Fund column for Trinity Church, East Cambridge. It is not the fault of the statistical secretary, but my own fault. The collection was taken, and the money paid to Bro. Magee, but in making up my report for Conference, I overlooked that item. Without this statement, that blank will utterly ruin the few feeble remarks which I made at our late Conference, in attempting to advocate this interest, and so throw a "coldness" over me and "over the meeting," too, if I should ever attempt it again.

ALBERT GOULD.
Now that I am able to do so personally, permit me to rise and respond for myself and my recent charge, East Templeton. Missionary collection, \$35—apportionment in full—and other collections taken. Very likely the failure of the Conference Minutes to do justice to East Templeton, is traceable, indirectly, to the pastor's liability promptly to attend himself to the statistical report. The sums contributed to sever-

al of the church benevolences, I cannot now recall exactly; but the blanks were all filled, that for Woman's Home Missionary Society excepted, and, with the money in the hand of the official board within the Conference week.

L. WHITE.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

A considerable number of changes were made in pastoral relations by the late revolution of the iron wheel. Some were anticipated, and occurred as matters of course; a few were surprises to some extent, and some were utterly such. The usual excitement attendant upon "speeding the parting, and cheering the coming" pastor, has been experienced, and in most of the charges all of the machinery has become adjusted to the new circumstances and relations, and is moving smoothly as ever. In the main the appointments appear to give satisfaction, and all look out upon the year with hopes for spiritual harvests as abundant as were reported in the twelve-month recently closed.

Fall River.—The only changes in the pulpits of this city occurred at First Church and Quarry Street. Bro. A. E. Drew, on account of ill-health, rests for a year, and Bro. A. McCord takes his place. The congregations are large, and some seekers have been at the altar. The work opens well. Bro. G. M. Hamlen at Quarry Street will undoubtedly prove the right man for the place, to follow up the good work of Bro. D. K. King.

Taunton, Central.—Bro. W. J. Smith is already fitting into his place, and getting along with his people as if he was an old resident and not a new-comer. The ladies of the church showed their esteem of their previous minister and his family by presenting Mrs. Hunt, just before Conference, with a dress-pattern valued at \$50.

At the First Church, Bro. H. B. Cady entered upon the work with his accustomed zeal, and at the first Sunday evening service saw several seekers. The good work of conversion continued at subsequent services, and gives promise of great and good results. All hope and pray for a deep and widespread revival at the old mother church. A mistake in the Year Book regarding the rent of parsonage of this church, should be corrected. As printed, it is \$192. It should be \$300.

At Grace Church, there was no expectation of any change, either on the part of pastor or people. The quarterly conference having unanimously and strongly urged the continuance of the old pastor for the third year, and pastor and people being thoroughly agreed upon the same, when a change was made without the slightest intimation to either the preacher or officials of the church, and seemingly not made necessary by any exigencies of the work in other places, it was natural that considerable disturbance was created and dissatisfaction expressed. The quieting counsels of the retiring pastor, and Christian earnestness of the incoming one, coupled with the calm judgment of the official members, finally prevailed in securing submission to the action of the authorities. Appreciating the uncomfortable position in which the new man might be placed, and heeding the earnest entreaties of Bro. W. J. Yates, the people rallied to the support of Bro. E. L. Hyde, resolved that he should not be made to suffer, however much they might resent the manner in which they had been treated by those high in power. Monday evening after Conference the people appeared in force at the parsonage, and presented to the little maiden residing there a \$12 carriage of beautiful form and workmanship, and a purse of money, to start a bank account for future educational purposes, which counted up \$50. This was the first child ever born in the parsonage. She had been named Grace, in honor of the church with which she first became connected. The occasion gave a pleasant opportunity for the expression of the cordial feelings existing between the church and the family which had occupied the parsonage for the two years past. The last Sunday night before Conference three seekers were at the altar. Some eight or ten persons were expected to join on probation immediately. May the work of salvation go on!

Middleboro.—Bro. S. McBurney entered upon his pulp duties last Sunday in May. Though still suffering from his recent severe sickness, he preached with great acceptability to a crowded house. Post No. 8 of the G. A. R. was present, and the discourse was memorial. This was Bro. McB.'s first service since January. This appointment gives much satisfaction to the church, and a profitable year is expected. The good people of his former parish, the First Church, Taunton, presented him, just before his removal, with a purse of \$235, in token of their appreciation and sympathy.

RETLAW.
PROVIDENCE DISTRICT.
A most delightful evening was spent in the Matheson Street Church parlors, Wednesday evening, May 25. Members of the church and congregation were present to welcome the new pastor, Rev. Henry Tuckley, and his family. After a bountiful repast, the happy company was called to order by Presiding Elder Jordan, who in a very humorous manner detailed the several incidents that conspired to make it possible for him to be present, and closed by introducing the new pastor. Bro. Tuckley made a very appropriate speech, if, indeed, that ought to be called a speech which is so much better—a plain, kind, familiar, family talk, subdued as if by a sense of responsibility in assuming this new and untrodden field amid customs somewhat different from the Western work, yet confident

that God and the people would not fail him in the East. Rev. W. N. Brodbeck, of Tremont Street, Boston, an old-time friend of the new pastor, followed with remarks witty and wise, commending the new pastor to the people, and assuring them that he was not afraid of work, and that he would bring to the pulpits sermons they could not fail to appreciate. Bro. Tuckley has found a large place in the hearts of his church and congregation in the brief time he has been with them.

Gov. Wetmore has appointed Edward F. Curtis chief of State police, to take the place of C. R. Brayton resigned. How long this office may be continued is doubtful, as the majority in the next Legislature is Democratic, and they threaten to abolish the office, and some fear will greatly weaken the law also. Mr. Curtis is a life-long Democrat. He is fifty-two years old, was an officer in the civil war, and as Gov. Davis, is a member of the Mathewson Street Methodist Church. He is said to be a good man for the office.

The parsonage of the Thames Street Church, Newport, was successfully invaded, Thursday evening, May 26. The inmates were completely surprised, and easily captured. The invading force was so numerous that resistance was useless, and the inmates submitted to the "pounding," which was heartily given, the results of which are not yet obliterated. Indeed, it is doubtful if the family ever fully recover, as their hearts were considerably affected by the transactions of the evening. However, at last reports the external manifestations of the incursion were gradually diminishing, and Bro. Scott and his family are more and more convinced that their Newport is a good one.

A delightful first-class concert was given in the vestry of the Warren Methodist Church, Tuesday evening, May 31. The people in Warren know how to do such things well.

Wm. Frank Morrison, M.D., and Susie Augusta Nixon were married in the Mathewson Church, Providence, Wednesday evening, June 1, by Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., the father of the bridegroom, assisted by Rev. Henry Tuckley, pastor of the church, and Rev. D. A. Whedon, D. D.

MAINE CONFERENCE.
The Methodist society at Saccapappa are moving in the direction of a new parsonage, and when that is accomplished, this will be one of the best appointments in the Conference. With a rapidly growing village, a vigorous and enterprising membership, with overflowing social meetings, and a live minister, there is no reason why Saccapappa should not thrive. Bro. Pendexter is starting off with encouraging prospects.

On the arrival of Mrs. Pottle to the charge last week, the sisters and brethren at Saco opened the church vestries and gave pastor and wife a royal welcome. Bro. Gilpatrick presided, and addresses of welcome were made by pastors of the other churches and Bro. Hatch. The ladies prepared a sumptuous repast. During Brother Pottle's former pastorate at Saco, he labored for a new church, but left the building of it to his successor. He now comes back to enjoy the fruits of his faithful sowing and planting. One man labors, and another enters into his labors.

The wage-workers at Gardiner, displaced with the city's adoption of standard time, have resolved to purchase a town clock, to keep old-fashioned time for them. The official board of the church gave consent to placing the clock on the church.

Rev. J. Gibson, who took a super-natural relation at Conference, is supplying at North Augusta, in place of Bro. Patterson, who was appointed to the charge.

The Methodists at Auburn are planning to build a parsonage adjoining their church, and expect to have it ready for occupancy by winter. This will give Auburn one of the best church properties in the Conference. Their enterprise and success have been remarkable for the three or four years past, and God has smiled upon them. The Providence which sent Bro. Ladd to them as pastor this year, is regarded as eminently favorable. We welcome him back, with his talented wife.

Rev. W. H. Barber, who joined Conference on probation this spring, on invitation preached the memorial sermon on Sunday before the Grand Army Club at North Anson in the Free Baptist Church.

Rev. C. L. Libby, on invitation of Custer Post, preached the memorial sermon before them on Sunday in his church, the Hammond St., Lewiston.

Rev. J. M. Buftum delivered the memorial address at Oxford, Monday, May 30, and the ladies furnished a dinner to the Grand Army in the Methodist vestry.

Rev. H. Hewitt preached the memorial sermon on the Sabbath at Monmouth, and Rev. J. B. Fogg delivered the oration on Monday.

Rev. W. B. Bartlett preached the memorial sermon at Strong.

Rev. Bro. Mabury preached the memorial sermon at Turner in the Congregational Church.

Rev. A. R. Sylvester preached a memorial sermon in the Congregational Church at Bethel before the Brown Post G. A. R. He drew a parallel between the Jewish passover and Memorial Day.

Rev. F. A. Bragdon delivered the memorial address on Monday at Madison.

Rev. J. L. Hill preached the memorial sermon at Wesley Church, Bath.

Newfield has lost five members by death within the past six months. May 21, Bro. Asa Milliken was almost instantly killed by being thrown from his cart while working in his field; but his brethren feel that he is safe with Jesus.

[Continued on Page 8.]

Money Letters from May 28 to June 4.
Mrs. E. Adams, J. D. Butler, Z. H. Dunbar, I. S. Davis, A. A. French, A. H. Hall, J. H. Irvine, F. W. Lewis, W. Leonard, J. C. Langford, M. A. Martin, C. H. Merrill, D. E. Miller, O. S. Fitchburg, P. Perich, S. Rogers, E. Smith, P. R. Stratton, H. H. Snow, C. H. Sparhawk, J. B. Washburn, G. Whitaker, H. C. Westwood.

IMPORTANT.

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Marriages.

[Marriage notices over a month old not inserted.]
STANWELL—COLGAN.—In Boston, June 2, by Rev. F. H. Knight, of Jamaica Plain, James H. Stanwell, of Portland, Me., and Miss S. Colgan, of B.

BARBER—BIRTEWELL.—In Bridgton, Me., June 1, by Rev. C. C. Cummings, Rev. Geo. W. Barber, pastor of the M. E. Church at South Standish, and Mrs. Olive P. Birtevell, of W.

SARGENT—FRARY.—In Lunenburg, Mass., May 18, by Rev. L. A. Everett, and C. Sargent and Abbie J. Frary, both of L.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the third page Every Week for announcements of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsaparilla and Impure blood. The latter is utterly defeated by the peculiar medicine.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. bottle.

PORTLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The next session will be held with the M. E. Church at Chebeague, June 27-29.

Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, Prayer Service, conducted by S. Hooper; 7:30, preaching by A. W. Pottle. Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, Prayer Service, conducted by T. P. Adams; 7:30, preaching by E. S. Stackpole.

SOCIAL MEETINGS: Tuesday morning, led by R. H. Kimball; Wednesday morning, led by W. P. Merrill. **ESSAYS,** etc.: The Time Limit—Ought it to be Removed? N. T. Whitaker, G. D. Holmes, S. F. Wetters, John Cobb; 2. The Holy Spirit in Personal Experience, C. Munger, D. Pratt, M. C. Pendexter, A. W. Waterhouse, A. Cook; 3. Camp-meetings—Their Spiritual Results—How Best Secured, L. Luce, C. F. Parsons, O. H. Stevens, M. H. Greenhalgh, M. B. Pratt; 4. Ministerial Vacancies: (1) Their Uses, T. Gerrish, H. B. Mitchell, W. Canham, G. W. Barber; (2) Their Abuses, F. A. Bragdon, W. E. Morse, A. Turner, F. Governor; 5. Capital and Labor—How Adjusted? E. Atkinson, R. Sanderson, W. F. Marshall, S. D. Brown; 6. The Irish Problem, John Collins, James Wright.

To make the meeting profitable and successful, the Committee would suggest that three of the brethren assigned a topic, come prepared with written essays.

Let us make this first meeting of the Conference year a season of refreshing to our souls, as well as mental growth.

THE BOAT LEAVES CUSTOM HOUSE WHARF at 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. for Portland, Me., via the Portland and Kennebec River, giving opportunity for a delightful sail among the islands in the harbor. Bro. Freeman and his good wife will make ample provision for all who attend.

NOTICE.—The next session of the Rockland District Ministerial Association will be held at Union, Me., June 27-29.

PROGRAMME.
Monday evening, Sermon, C. A. Maine.
Tuesday p. m., J. D. Fitchburg.
Wednesday p. m., G. B. Chadwick.
Thursday p. m., L. H. W. Wharf.
Friday p. m., W. W. Ogier.

ESSAYS: Sunday Services—How Made, and Their Nature, Brown, Maine, Dunlop; Funeral Services—How Conducted, Chase, Morien, Gross; Visiting the Sick, Brigham, Bickmore, S. H. Beale; Methods with Young People, Hanson, Farrot, Simonton; Ministerial Vacancies, Plummer, Byrne, Hill; Temperance—Methods of Weakness and Strength, Besse, Birm, Gibbons; The Closet and Study, Gahan, Oyster, Haddock; Duty of Preacher to his Presiding Elder and vice versa, Wharf, Bennett, Payson; Unconscious Regeneration—Is it Possible? Tyler, J. H. Beale, Conley; Risk in the Benevolences—Are they Excusable? Pentecost, Stiphen, Jackson; When the Son of Man Cometh, shall He Find Faith on the Earth? Chadwick, Baker, Newbert, Edgemoor.

A good time for a ride. Please be there, brethren.

HANSCOM, COM. BESSE.

THE WEST BUCKSPORT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next session at Penobscot Bay, June 20-22.

PROGRAMME.
Monday evening, Sermon, H. W. Norton.
Tuesday p. m., A. W. C. Anderson.
Wednesday p. m., B. S. Aray.
Thursday p. m., H. E. Frohock.
Friday p. m., C. L. Banghart.

Let each brother select his own subject for an essay, but don't fail to be present and be prepared with a paper. The Association includes all of Bucksport District from Columbia Falls west, Bucksport, Me. S. L. HANSCOM, for Com.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—A meeting of North Boston District Association, W. H. M. S., will be held in Broadway Church, Winter Hill, Somerville, Wednesday, June 15, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. (basket lunch). A cordial invitation is extended to all churches, whether members or otherwise. The forenoon will be occupied by reports. In the afternoon there will be speaking by Miss Grace Fisher of Boston and Mrs. Kate Leavenworth of Newton.

Mrs. L. H. DAGGETT, Sec.

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SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still; but the beauty of holiness is within the reach of all; all may acquire that if they choose; and this is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay. It was seen in the dying Stephen, when his face shone, "as it had been the face of an angel."

How many idlers there are in the churches, when the Master's voice is heard, "Go work in my vineyard." They hear not the Master's voice, nor are they moved by the great, pressing work around them to be done. What needed more reforms meet them at every turn; but they have no heart for any reform work. Souls are perishing, and they realize not their danger, and feel no concern for their safety. Idlers! remember the doom of such as buried their talents. Laborers are called for—the fields are white for harvest. Delay not. The Master calls to-day!

Some minds gifted with a sense of the beautiful in material things are blind to the richer charms of that moral beauty which lies in self-sacrifice. Of such our Whittier sings, saying,—

"God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not with his sordid eyes
The beauty of self-sacrifice!"

"Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,
Or name aright that dread embrace
Of suffering for a fallen race!"

The creation of man, no less than his redemption, was an act of love. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," was the loving thought which went before the creative act. Hence, says Prof. Amiel, "The work of creation finds its consummation, and the eternal will of the Infinite Mercy finds its fulfillment, in the restoration of the free creature to God, and of an evil world to goodness through love." But alas! for the folly of man! As by his self-assertion he thwarted the purpose of his creation in Paradise, so by a further abuse of his liberty he thwarts the purpose of his redemption by Christ, who, grieving over his perversity, regretfully exclaims: "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life!"

Memory and conscience are God's paymasters of the wages of sin. A man may conceal his vices, at least in part, from the gaze of men, or his offenses against humanity may be forgiven by the injured parties, but he can neither forgive himself nor forget his own criminality. His too faithful memory will relentlessly drag his evil deeds into the presence of his conscience, which will in its turn persist in torturing him with burning rebukes. Shelley, writing from his own sad experience, describes this self-judgment of a guilty mind with terrible force when he says,—

"Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for
It;
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy once lost is pain."

Yes, the joy of lost innocence is replaced with the torment of guilt, and thus every man tastes, at least in part, the penalty of his sin even in this life. He is forced to live in the deep shadow cast from the doom of that final judgment which awaits all who do not by timely faith wash out their guilt in the precious blood of Christ! Therefore let him who is yet innocent of presumptuous sin seek grace by which to keep his innocence unstained, and let him who is steeped in guilt

"Plunge into the purple flood,
And rise into the life of God."

"NOT STRANGERS THERE."

To whom would heaven's door so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled?

And such an one of late was lowly lying,
With fast-receding breath;
Over her face the first shadow falling—
She was afraid of death!

Her loved ones said, "O do not fear to enter
That land so wide and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there!"

But even as she spoke her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise,
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
And was in haste to go.

What she beheld, we saw not; and her raptures
Our hearts not yet might share.
But with a last bright smile she whispered gladly,
"They are not strangers there!"

—FRANCES L. MACE, in *Youth's Companion*.

WHO SHALL CLEAN THE PARSONAGE?

BY A PASTOR'S WIFE'S HUSBAND.

ZION'S HERALD of May 18 contains a subject suggested by previous utterances of a "preacher's wife." Now after other parties have spoken, including the "parsonage committee," why not let me also declare my opinion? I am, it is true, only the "husband of the pastor's wife," but a second thought will show that the relation is very im-

portant. Our domestic economy is affected by the same facts and events, and when she is cumbered by "mountains of dirt," I am usually in hot water. Soap-suds, dust-brushes, brooms and pans are liable to reign in the house, from the pastor's study to the family altar. I could not begin to state how many days in the years past the pastor has not found it convenient to obey that direction of the Discipline (pp. 83-84) which says: "From six in the morning till twelve, whenever it is practicable, let the time be spent in appropriate reading, study, and private devotion." "Steadily spend all the morning in this employment, or at least five hours in the four and twenty." "But I have no taste for reading." Contrast a taste for it by use, or return to your former employment." While it would seem difficult to keep the above without an entire new interpretation of them, it is also found difficult not to break the promise made when the Bishop asked, "Have you considered the Rules of a Preacher, especially the first, ninth, and eleventh?"

"Rule 1. Be diligent. Never be unemployed. Never be triflingly away time."
"Rule 9. Be punctual. Do everything exactly at the time."
"Rule 11. Act in all things, not according to your own will, but as a son in the Gospel."

By conveniently omitting certain final words of those three rules, as I have done in the above, it seems that they do apply to these days of annual, biennial, or triennial tribulation. Certainly, the pastor's wife can say, our Conference vows were for diligence, punctuality and obedience, and for the time being circumstances make her will the imperious will, that as a son in the Gospel the pastor must obey. If the above reasoning is not good, yet it corresponds to what is the state of the case at moving time. At that time the discreet pastor allows his wife to rule. He virtually says, "Take thou authority," and she confronts her predecessor's quiescence (slackness) and the parsonage committee's obliviousness (indifference). She causes "the earth to hang upon nothing," that is, she makes the dust fly lively.

The parsonage committee can hardly reach such a case as we are thinking of. That committee has duties, no doubt, but whether "dirt" is covered by its functions, is a question.

1. The house in which the pastor lives is either owned by the society and held by the trustees equally with the church edifice, and so constitutes a part of the church property; or it is rented by the stewards, who in such a case only "assist the preachers to obtain houses for themselves."

2. The accumulating dirt is neither real estate covered by the lease or the deed, nor is it "parsonage furniture" furnished under the General Conference direction to the friends in general that they shall furnish the houses of pastors "with at least heavy furniture."

3. The dirt must, then, of necessity be of the nature of personal chattels and a part of the movable estate of each successive pastor. Now the successor does not wish to purchase it, he will not accept it as a present, and he does not wish the loan of it.

4. The conclusion has already been reached, quicker than these words can be read—the outgoing pastor's family must get away with the family dirt. It cannot be left for a parsonage committee to wrestle with, and it must not be left for a succeeding pastor's wife to get homesick over. Now if this legal status of the question is clear, other matters that are important follow.

1. Pastoral consistency is involved. Among the duties of pastors in charge of churches is this—"To recommend everywhere decency and cleanliness." A good class-leader once quoted as Scripture, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." He was surprised when the pastor declared that to be "kitchen Scripture." As such it is even better than some abbreviated quotations used about moving time, such as, "Be still," "Wait," "Fret not thyself," and "Take no thought for the morrow."

2. The friendliness of pastors' wives is involved. For one tired woman, who has just set in order the house she left until it was spick and span, to come in and view the desolation in a parsonage that was left uncleaned, unswep, unpicked up, from finger marks on the windows, from moth corners in the dirt-laden carpets to rubbish-filled closets, the parsonage "that could be scraped" to the kitchen floor that cannot be seen, is to subject sisterliness to a test that it cannot survive. The incoming parsonage queen says of her successor on that social throne, "She was no doubt a good woman, but—." In the chasm of that blank drops all affection, and is buried all respect. In plain words, she was not a good housekeeper.

3. Affectionate remembrance by the society so lately left suffers a terrible shock when the systematic disorder of the parsonage is seen by them. Grace and dirt having been combined in equal proportions in the domestic economy of the home presided over by the removed pastor's wife, she will continue to be remembered as the woman who would "stick fast."

This husband of the pastor's wife therefore concludes, in view of facts that are apparent, as follows: 1. Clean the parsonage before you leave it, even to the last speck of dust, including the kitchen stove and the woodshed. 2. If, from lack of muscular strength and nerve force, you cannot clean it yourself, have it done under your personal oversight, and only turn your back upon it when an imaginary committee of fault-finders would be compelled to admit that "the parsonage was left in order that was just complete."

Keep the home near heaven. Let it face towards the Father's house.—James Hamilton.

"ALL FOR JESUS."

[Written at Waterville, Me., during Conference.]

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

Lord, we consecrate to Thee
All our powers of heart and mind;
All our sins on Thee are laid,
All our joy in Thee we find.

Thou hast cleansed and made us pure,
Free from stain and white as snow;
Thou dost safely keep Thine own
Through the storms of life below.

Gladly we take up our cross,
Seek to do our Lord's behest,
Working while the daylight lasts,
Thinking not of earthly rest.

In the dwellings of the poor
We will tell of Jesus' love,
Seeking some poor soul to win
For the better home above.

Speaking words of love and cheer
To the weary, aching heart,
Tell of one who long ago
Chose in Christ the better part.

Fighting in the strength of God,
We will conquer, never fear;
Blessed service we shall find—
Working for this Master dear.

He has done so much for us;
Surely, all our ransomed powers
In His service should be spent,
"All our days, and all our hours."

Soon we'll hear His welcome voice
Calling us to take our rest;
Then we'll sweetly fall asleep
With our head on Jesus' breast.

Bath, Me.

ERMA; OR, THE PINE TREE HOME.

BY AGUSTA MOORE.

When Erma became ten years old, she resolved to endure it no longer. Erma had lived since she was even much smaller than she was at ten years, in a fine old mansion in a city of the East. It was large and high, with great pillars and two stories high all across the front of it, wings and all. It stood in the midst of gardens, stretching away into mysterious groves and hollows, and in which it was easy to lose one's way in the winding paths and heavy shadows. A very rich lady owned this place, and she was greatly respected by the little church to which she belonged; for she helped it—about as much as head clerk in a wholesale grocery ought to.

Now what better could Erma want than a home in such a beautiful and grand place as this? What was it that the child had to "endure"? You would have needed to see her but once to enable you to make a very correct guess what Erma had no home. She never had any home. She had been picked up in the street and taken to the city farm. Thence she was sent to Mrs. Tallmanson's. Now Mrs. Tallmanson was a very devout woman. She felt it her duty, as doubtless it was, to send the little one to Sunday-school because she could not be spared to attend day school or church. So to Sunday-school she went. No one who saw her there would ever forget her. People under their breath, said one to another, "Shouldn't you think Mrs. Tallmanson would dress that child fit to be seen, to come to Sunday-school?" But no one ever said it to her. No, indeed! None dared do it.

Poor little Erma! Gradually she began to compare her own appearance with that of the other Sunday-school children, and the more her eyes opened to the contrast, the worse she felt; and no wonder. Her rags were clean; for Mrs. Tallmanson required her to change the soiled ones for those that had been well washed, every Sunday morning; but they were rags. The dresses were too short, and slit down to the hem here and there; the underskirts were too long, and of as many varied colors as Joseph's coat; the stockings were frightfully large and wrinkled; the shoes were ill-fitting and full of holes; the jacket and the hat were well suited to the rest of the array, and the hair of the little girl looked as though it had never been combed and parted. She was not pretty in the face. What her form was, none could guess; her baggy garments completely hid it. Her hands were large, red and hard. She looked at them and at her rough wrists, and then at the fair and slender ones of her classmates, and tears filled her eyes, and—all must excuse her, she was human—anger filled her heart. For two years she meditated running away; but she knew not where to run. And she had not a cent of money. So she waited, saying not one word of her feelings to any one but the black cat. He was her confidant and her consolation. She had him for a bedfellow—when he was willing to stay indoors. Her room was over the kitchen, and it opened into the shed chamber, and Niger used to come and go at his own will.

"I know I'm not one bit pretty, Niger, like other girls," she said, "but I might look a great deal better than I do if I could only be dressed up. I'm sure I work hard enough to earn good clothes, and I ought to have them. But there isn't any one in the world, not one, who cares anything about me, or how I look. I wish I could go out of the world, Niger."

"Hum!" said Niger, very sympathetically, arching his back, and rubbing his head against the little tearful face. Cats do, sometimes, show real sympathy. They appear to understand when those they love are in trouble. As Niger lapped the hard little hand and purred gently to the little girl, she fell asleep.

Time passed, and it was now the last of August, and Erma was ten years old. All her troubles had grown heavier, and, alas! her one comforter was dead. Somebody had killed him. The only link that held Erma to her place was broken, and she determined to depart. In one way and another she had collected four dollars. That seemed a large sum to her. She kept it carefully hidden in the shed chamber.

"I'd better go now while the weather is warm," she thought. "I can sleep out of doors now. I don't care if I go

all the way out of the world." She tied all she cared for in a large check apron, and one evening when she was sent of an errand, she took her way to the depot, and entering the cars as they were about to start, seated herself and was whirled away. When the conductor came along, he stared at the strange-looking little figure, with its wild eyes and its two bundles. Erma had taken care to supply herself plentifully with good food before setting out. Among other things she had as much as a dozen fresh eggs in a tin pail, and a quart bottle filled with fresh cream. "I've earned 'em all a hundred times over," she told her conscience as she was helping herself. And she had, indeed.

"Ticket!" remarked the conductor. "Huh?" said Erma, bewildered. "I haven't got none. What is it for?" "To show that your passage is paid." "Mine hasn't paid; but here is the money." And dropping one of her bundles for a moment, she produced her precious four dollars.

"Oh, all right! Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor. "I don't know. As far as that money will carry me." Then the conductor stared again. "Where do you belong?" he asked. "Nowhere."

"Well, you are a queer little chicken. I'm afraid you have been in mischief. But you sit right there, and I'll see that all is right about you." Then he passed along.

His words rendered Erma uneasy, and when next the train stopped, she had half a mind to leave it. But she felt so very tired and sleepy, she concluded to take a little nap first. The next thing she knew the cars stopped again, and she heard some one say it was three o'clock in the morning. A sudden impulse moved her to catch her bundles and go quickly out at the further end of the car.

"He shan't send me back to Mrs. Tallmanson," thought the shrewd little creature. No one observed her, and she ran swiftly down the bank and into a wood close at hand. There she lay hidden with her bundles till she heard the last of the departing train.

"Wonder where I am now?" she thought, and crept softly up to look at the station. It was closed, dark and still. The moon was at the full, and the cool, dewy breath of the morning refreshed the child. "I've a good mind to have breakfast here," she thought. "I didn't have a bite of supper, and I'm hungry."

She walked all round the little depot. Not a light anywhere to be seen, nor a sound of human being heard. A little brook ran near the depot, talking happily to itself. Erma untied her provision bundle and took out the tin pail. She laid the eggs carefully on an old packing-box, and then ran with her empty pail to the brook for water. With sticks that she gathered, and one of her matches, she soon had a nice fire and her eggs, three of them, boiled. "I never had as many eggs as I wanted; now I've got 'em," she said, with great satisfaction she spread her table—the packing box. Bread, meat and pie, with sugar cookies in plenty, were in her bundle; also butter, salt and pepper. The little housemaid well knew what was needed for a hearty meal.

"How beautiful everything is so early in the morning," she said aloud, as she stood looking about her after her repast. "I wonder"—then she stopped and gazed steadily upwards, deep in thought. Presently the hard hands were reverently clasped, and the child uttered, "O Lord, our Father which art in heaven, I am all alone, as Jacob was; but I haven't any uncle, nor anybody to go to. Please take care of me too, and don't let Mrs. Tallmanson get me ever any more. Amen!"

Who dare say that such a prayer from a desolate little child ever is unheard by God?

Dawn was now making the full moon pale, and the sound of a bark in the distance caused Erma to replace and tie up her treasures, and to trudge hastily along. Returning to the wood, she walked until, finding herself very tired, she sought for a good place in which to lie down. She soon found the very spot that was made for her. "Tis beautiful!" said the delighted child. The rocks stood up edgewise, and were covered with long, fairy-like moss, while a narrow space between them was like a bed, so thick and soft was the moss upon it. Hanging her bundle of food safe up on the limb of a tree, and using her package of clothing for a pillow, Erma lay down, and was soon once more in a sound, healthful slumber. The moonlight fell softly upon her, in little silver streaks and spots, and the young rosy dawn followed and peeped over the rocks to see the sleeping orphan. They made her look fair.

The sun was high and warm when the child awoke. She washed her face at a spring near her rocks, and then away she hurried through the forest.

"I don't think anybody can find me here," she said, as she came out into a pleasant forest road, "so I can walk in roads. 'Tis so much easier. Oh, how hungry I am!"

And lo! a spring by the way-side, and a flat rock for a table. Erma was not long in cooking more eggs, and dishing up her dinner. Some little birds lighted not far from her, and a gay squirrel bounded across the road close to the spring. "I'll leave some crumbs for you all," said Erma. She thought of living out of doors, having plenty to eat, and sleeping just where you chose, was nice.

"But then," she said wisely, "you know storms will come, and by and by it will be winter. I must find a home before I eat up all my victuals."

She looked with some dismay upon the very much decreased bundle of provisions, and felt glad when she found herself in the highway.

"Now I shall soon come to some houses," said she, and trudged bravely on, now all the way up hill.

But by and by the forest was passed, and she came to a corner where she had three roads to choose from. The one at her right led along a level country; the one before her went down hill; the one at her left led up hill.

"Guess I'll see where this goes to," she said, and she turned into the up-hill way. The bushes grew thickly by the roadside. A few late berries were on them still. On and up went the little pilgrim, enjoying more and more the wide and picturesque view, growing with every step upon her vision.

"O my! O my! isn't this splendid!" she cried aloud, as she reached the top of the hill and gazed around. "I never, never, never!"

Well might she admire. The windswept hill commanded an exceedingly fine and extended view of land and water. There were well-cultivated farms and neat farm-houses in sight; there were hollows, and hills, and groves, and ponds; there was a river and a dike, and there were great gray ledges, ancient as the earth itself. But what took Erma's closest attention was a low, gray farm-house near her, and just beyond it, rooted in rifted rocks, a few pines so tall they seemed to the awe-stricken child as if they were lifting up their heads to heaven.

These grand old sentinels were a landmark for all the surrounding country. Their age no one knew; but generations had been born and grown old and died under their shadow, until now they seemed sacred things to the children of the "Pine Hill Home."

A little beyond these noble ancients of a forest long since destroyed, the land began to slope gradually away towards the water, and the trees had covered what a few generations back were farms of settlers of that promontory. The road ran through scenes beautiful as imagination can paint. Trees over-arched it, and through them were seen lovely, fertile fields, falling gently to the edge of the wide river. Standing beside a rocky wall, at one point on the brow of the hill one could behold both banks of the river with their bold cliffs, their forests, their farms, and the numerous green islands of this river, which was really but an arm of the sea stretched up into the land. The whole view was one of the most beautiful on earth.

On the extreme point of the "Neck," as it was called, there was a farm, rich with memories of the past. But Erma had nothing to do now so far down the Neck. She stood looking at the house near the giant pines. She felt a strong desire to go in there. All the houses she saw from where she stood were better in appearance than that one; but she felt no drawing to any other. How still everything about this house was! Its doors and windows were open; but no one was to be seen. Yes, a handsome shepherd dog lay sleeping on the grass near the door which she supposed led into the kitchen.

"Would he bite?" she wondered. "I mean to go in there if he will let me," she thought.

[Concluded next week.]

ARE YOU READY?

The angel of death is abroad, my friend,
Does your lamp burn clear and steady?
Some day toward you his low he will bend,
Are you ready?

Have you built your house to withstand the shock,
Is it planned for a safe abiding?
In the second death the lifted rock
Are you hiding?

Is your dearest treasure laid out on high,
Where cometh no wasting cancer?
Is Jesus your star when the storm is by,
And your anchor?

Are you trusting all to the price He paid
To secure the sinner's pardon;
To the end He drank when alone He prayed
In the garden?

Or say you, my friend, as you bare your arm,
And you feel life's pulses flying—
"With a frame like this, shall I dream of harm."
Or of dying?

Or pray—like a fool of old—do you think
In revels all care to bury?
Can you counsel your soul upon Sheol's
Will to be merry?

For hands have been folded ere day was o'er,
That pitched their tent in the morning,
And heads well pillowed have stirred no more.

At the dawning,
And others as brave, and as strong of limb
Cries the angel of death, "Awake!"
Have been crushed and hurled to the valley dim.

In a twinkling!
Will you answer then, as you read to-day,
Not trace from the future horror?
You'd be dumb, may be sealed for aye.

On the morrow!

—Christian at Work.

SUPPLIES FOR W. H. M. S. WORK.

BY MRS. V. A. COOPER.

My dear sister housekeepers, as you are busy cleaning your houses and overlooking your wardrobes, please stop a moment and think of those who are suffering for just the things which you hardly know how to use. Clothes half worn and out of style for you would do so much good to your sisters who are needing these very things. And not only clothes, but dishes, tins, and, in fact, anything which would help to brighten up and make homelike a poor log cabin of the South or the West. We quote from the Annual Report of the Woman's Home Missionary Society:

"One of our noble, self-sacrificing ministers wrote to a lady from whom he had received help: 'How I wish you could have seen dear Nellie when she received your gifts! If it is more blessed to give than to receive, how blessed you must have been!' Yes, they that have given and they that have received have been together blessed. Your own hearts and the letters which you have received, overflowing with thankfulness and gratitude, bear testimony to this fact. Many have sent, not only such things as could be readily spared, but have made personal sacrifices in doing what they have done. One marked feature of the year's work

has been the large amount of clothing belonging to dead departed ones, which has been contributed. The minister's wife has in several instances given the clothing of her husband, and asked that it might be sent to some friend or minister who was in need. A minister has sent the clothing of his departed wife, saying, 'Give them to some missionary; let them be doing good.' A childless mother, with her own hands, folded the garments of her three children, and, as the tears flowed thick and fast, said, 'They will help some poor, tired mother to make her little ones comfortable.' Think you that these hearts made no sacrifices? Many of these packages have been prepared especially for the families to whom they were sent; while many others, apparently sent at random, have seemed to be providentially directed. It has really been wonderful how the needs have been supplied. How often has word come back, 'Everything was just what we needed, and fitted as if made for us.' One good old colored minister said, on trying on his suit, 'I'd just like to know how those blessed white folks got my measure.' One minister writes: 'I could hardly have kept my church together if you had not sent these things. The library, with singing-books, just built up the Sunday-school, and the barrel of clothing made it possible for the children to come to Sunday-school. We have had a revival. Sixty-five were added to the church, and we owe it all to the help which you have sent us.' Others have written, 'But for the supplies sent, we must have left our charges and gone to work at day labor in order to clothe our families.' Almost every letter ends with—'God bless the Woman's Home Missionary Society!' Who shall say that these prayers are not answered, and that our prosperity is not in a measure due to them?"

The story of Sally has become familiar, showing how much good an old tablecloth did in one of the poor Southern homes:—

"Sally had spent some months in one of our 'Industrial Homes,' and been taught a better way of living, when she was returned to her home, carrying with her the knowledge she had gained, and some supplies given her from a barrel sent from the North. When she arrived home, she told her father he must build another room, for the boys must have one room, and the girls another. Now the father loved Sally very much, and speedily built another room. Another request from Sally was to have a table made, which the father also did. Then Sally went to her little bundle and took out a clean white tablecloth and spread upon it, saying this was the way the people did up in the North. Then she brought a few dishes, and knives and forks, while the family looked on with great surprise and wonder. 'Now,' said Sally, 'you must all wash up and brush your hair; which being done, they surrounded the table to eat as Northern people did. But Sally stopped them there, and said they must ask a blessing on the food, which says the father, he did. 'My old woman and I got down on our knees and thanked the Lord for Sally and the nice things she brought; but,' he said, 'all the nice things she brought, nothing pleased our old hearts like the white tablecloth, which seemed to fold around us and bring warmth and joy to us. And day by day we are learning to talk much of that heavenly home which is more beautiful than this white tablecloth.'"

All persons in New England Conference can obtain any knowledge concerning where and how to send supplies, by addressing Mrs. N. A. Putnam, 57 Alpine St., Boston Highlands, to whom the estimated value of all supplies should be sent.

WHEN MAY-TIME COMES.

BY REV. H. B. NARDWELL.

When May-time comes, the May-flower vailes,
With petals rare, in shady places;
The wind-flower starts in life and shakes
Its fairy vane with airy graces.

When May-time comes, the violets open
Their eyes as blue as skies above them;
And grasses clothe the sunny slope,
And glad birds sing to birds that love them.

When May-time comes, the streams begin
Clear,
And seaward sweeps the rolling river;
A wave-borne music greets the ear,
And pinions in the bright air quiver.

When May-time comes, in sun and shower,
The crimson rose unfolds its chalice;
And fresh leaves opening every bower,
Their beauty veils in leafy palaces.

When May-time comes with sweet content,
O, then, farewell to gloom and sadness!
Ope the south windows of the soul,
Let in the life, the hope, the gladness!

FROM HERE AND THERE.

—A telephone adopted by General Boulanger for the French army, it is said, transmits an order to twelve different persons at different points simultaneously.

—A mitraillette is being tried in the Austrian army which will fire 1,000 bullets in ninety seconds.

—A nickel five-cent piece costs the government 1 1/4 cents. If the government had the exclusive manufacture of these coins, there would be a great profit in them. But the coin can be so easily reproduced, there is no means of estimating how many of them are counterfeited.

—During the year 1886 thirty-six telegraph offices were opened in China.

—Cremation is making rapid progress in popularity in England. In a single parish, St. John's, Woking, sixty cremations have been made since the recent establishment of the Crematorium Society of England.

—Locomotives now run in Jerusalem. The roar of the engines through the streets that once echoed the Crusaders' tread is a powerful historical antithesis.

—The famous battle field of Manassas is to be inclosed by a stone wall and kept for a public park by the ladies of Virginia.

—The manufacture of carbons for electric lights has become an important business. At a trial in Cleveland for alleged infringement of a patent, a witness testified that of 150,000 carbons turned out daily in the United States, 100,000 were manufactured in Cleveland, where there are twenty furnaces.

—A colony of Wurtemberg engineers in Palestine have made roads, multiplied plantations of Jerusalem, and cultivated the Plain of Jericho, that in spite of the interference of the Latin monks of Mt. Carmel, they have completely transformed it, and now have a prosperous colony there.

—How the study of chemistry has increased of late may be judged from the fact that, while in 1866 the Berlin laboratory was visited by sixty-two students, it now counts up one hundred and three, and the number of students attending Prof. Hofmann's lectures on chemistry has increased from seventy-nine to three hundred.

—There is a decimal clock in Wiesbaden which is constructed on the following principle: The day has ten hours, each hour 100 minutes, each minute 100 seconds, each second 100 thirds. Thus the whole day into 100,000 parts. A similar division is to be applied to the circle. Herr Moller, of that city, goes still farther and proposes

Apply to editor of this paper

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